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Tales of The Organization

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Summary

The Organization's life is a humorous series of events thanks to their mild ineptitude. IN THIS CHAPTER- The Organization dies. Yes, this is still a humor fic. why do you ask?

The Attack of the 1337 MPC!

Chapter 1: Introductions All Around!

Axel sat on the bench near the extraordinarily lame casino in front of him. It was multi-complexed, with over 70 sections, each with a different theme. As such, it was extremely easy to get lost in. He had gotten out after getting lost in the Egyptian section, and he was sure as hell not going back in. Demyx and Luxord were in there. They both seemed in their element. Demyx was dancing, and Luxord was gambling. When Axel last saw him, he had filled his third bag of holding.

Roxas and Larxene had a stint in Halloween Town, Marluxia was holding down Castle Oblivion with Saix and Llexaeus. Axel was glad he wasn't there; it was really bad having those two around, especially in the same room. Everyone else was back at The Castle That Never Was, from here on out referred to as TCNTW. Commit it to memory. Or get it memorized, whatever floats your gummi ship.

Axel decided to get in and destroy something. Xemnas had sent Luxord there with him and Axel, because they were to try a different method of domination: bleed the economy dry. They hadn't counted on each slot machine having a mint. Seeing as the entire multiverse used munny, it only succeeded in making Luxord a very rich man indeed.

He met with Demyx. Demyx spotted him and nodded, then made his way through the dance floor to Axel.

"Hey, Axel! You dancing?" asked Demyx.

Axel thought for a moment, had a sudden vision of making a fool of himself, shuddered, and then replied sarcastically, "Yes, of course I am. I'm such a great dancer after all."

"Hey, no need to do that..." Demyx said, put out.

Luxord came over to them. "Hey guys: I just scammed the Casino out of their 9,000,056th piece of Munny. My Bag of Holding is getting full and these people are beginning to suspect I'm something else. Shall we destroy this world the old fashioned way?"

Axel nodded. "Thank God. I was starting to find this world even tackier than when I came in."

Luxord sighed. "No class indeed. We should open a gambling hall in The Dark City."

Demyx cut in, "Yeah, there's not even a decent place to eat."

"We don't need to eat," Axel replied, "Why would you want to?"

Demyx looked down. "Doesn't mean I don't enjoy a nice steak now and then. Nobody can cook, either."

"What about the Chef Nobodies? Or the Frenchmen Nobodies.?" Luxord joked.

"I don't think those exist in the official canon." Axel said. Luxord smiled.

"I know! Isn't creating things to serve a punchline fun?"

"I didn't think it was that funny," Demyx said. Luxord thought for a moment.

"Yeah. It wasn't." Luxord admitted.

They all shared an awkward laugh, and set about to razing the Casino with much glee and merriment.

HALLOWEEN TOWN...

Roxas looked up, and dodged swiftly out of the way of a thunderbolt that had just struck. Angry, he looked at Larxene and yelled, "What did we discuss about shooting me with lightning!?"

"You're a lower rank than me, shorty. According to the official handbook, I'm allowed to attack you if it'd lead to humor, call you foolish nicknames and just generally do what I do best!"

"...Mine just says, 'Haha, sucker, you're the bottom of the barrel! Have fun getting picked on!'" Roxas mumbled.

"Cheer up that nonexistent heart! I hear rumors there's a new member."

Roxas looked at her while planting a flower. Their mission was to make Halloween Town cheery and sunny. It would cause widespread misery, at least according to Xemnas. The problem was anything that touched the soil withered and died. Xemnas' plans weren't usually the greatest. Roxas and Larxene had resigned to 'planting the friggin' flowers,' as Larxene put it. They were also supposed to move the dreary clouds covering the city, but whenever Roxas summoned Amaterasu for a sunrise, it instantly fell away as soon as she left. They figured they could get Xaldin to do it.

Larxene randomly threw a kunai at Roxas, which he deflected off of his Keyblade. He had gotten very good at quick blocks.

"So, a new member, huh?" Roxas asked.

"Yeah, that's the word from Xigbar. He says a particularly strong soul was Heartless'd."

Roxas planted another sapling, which actually seemed to be doing fine. Then, for comedy, it instantly fell flat on the ground. Roxas sighed. "Well, it'd be nice to have someone slightly lower than me."

Larxene looked at him as though he were an idiot. "Lemme think: How about the Dusks?"

"Yeah, but it's impossible to have banter with something that has no mouth. It makes you a little irked after a while."

Larxene punched him on the shoulder. "Deal with it."

Roxas rubbed his shoulder. That punch hurt.

CASTLE OBLIVION...

Lexaeus pondered over his puzzle, and was quickly interrupted by Saïx and Marluxia duelling into the room of the Castle he was in. He had nearly finished his Atlantica puzzle as well, and that was almost as hard as when he stole that piece of modern art and puzzle sliced it. Having his concentration broken caused most of the puzzle to fall apart, seeing as he did it in midair. Lexaeus didn't believe you were being truly challenged any other way.

Marluxia and Saïx were two interesting fellows. Every now and then, they would be in character, or out of character. When out of character, Saïx was a complete imbecile. He was easily swayed

and emotional, and for some reason was convinced that he was a K'ey-Blur elf and that his sole purpose in life was to make cookies. When in character, he acted like he was second in command, and everyone knew that was Xaldin's job! He was also under the impression he was given custody of Castle Oblivion. Lexeauss did not like either personality.

Marluxia was an evil, conniving, underhanded little prick when in character and a weak and pretentious git when out of character.

Currently, they were both in character, meaning endless sparring. If they were both out of character, they'd start beating each other up ineffectually, and if only one was in character, that one would order the other to make them tea so they could read the paper and plan world domination.

Lexeauss sighed and pushed them both apart. "Marluxia! Keep track of Naminé! Saïx? Go... be... evil or... something! Gah! Just entertain yourselves!" and as he stormed back to his puzzle, he shouted, "And don't interrupt me!"

Marluxia looked at Saïx and said, "Fight you to see who doesn't have to take care of Naminé?"

Saïx responded by overhead slicing Marluxia who blocked the blow and made a sweeping attack, which Marluxia easily dodged. Marluxia was then punched by Saïx in the nose. Then Marluxia summoned a Reaver out of nowhere. It began to punch Saïx and tear him apart any way possible. The fight raged for around a half an hour more.

At this point, Lexeauss forcibly put them in cells of earth (without breaking concentration on the puzzle, either): Marluxia straight in front of Naminé with a book on gardening he had already read, and Saïx with a deck of cards. Lexeauss congratulated himself on ridding himself of the nuisances and went back to his puzzle.

THE OFFICE OF EVIL...

Xemnas sat in his favourite leather arm-chair, and plotted on what the best way to destroy Wonderland would be. He didn't like blowing up worlds: It was just too predictable for him. Nobody would pay him any attention at the villain conventions if he simply 'blew up' a world. Nope, he needed the most ridiculous ways to make worlds completely miserable or dead. He congratulated himself on his latest victory in Halloween Town: flowers would spread a lot of pain and suffering. He also appreciated his plan for Casino Comet: wrecking the economy would force hundreds of people out of their jobs at the Casino. Yes, he was a self-proclaimed evil genius...

At least he thought that until Xaldin walked in and gave him a status report.

Xaldin pulled out his Notebook of Non-Being® and updated him. "Superior. Axel, Demyx, and Luxord have succeeded in scamming a large portion of

munny out of the economy."

Xemnas smiled. "Excellent. Soon the world shall fall into desp-"

"Yes, but I'm afraid that each slot machine had its own mint inside it, Superior. As Luxord told you during the last meeting, and again just before he-"

Xemnas cursed. "Well, take all the money they won."

"Already on my to-do list."

Xemnas nodded. "What about my plan for Halloween Town? Is that still going according to

plan?"

Xaldin flipped through his planner. "Ah, yes. It appears that plan was thwarted because of the magic field which Vexen brought up a million times during our last meeting. I counted."

"...Magic field?"

Xaldin put a palm on his face. "Just forget about it, Superior. It didn't work because everything withers as soon as it touches the ground in that world."

"That makes little sense. What do they eat?"

"They have no need for food," Xaldin responded, "They're Disney characters, same as us."

"Accursed Disney! It makes most of my plans fail!" Xemnas shrieked in fury.

Xaldin nodded, and said, "If you wouldn't mind, Zexion and Vexen's collaboration project you told them to make isn't going as well as it should be. They've asked me to mediate their argument, and I kindly request to do just that."

Xemnas looked up from his book, 101 Ways to Cause Misery, and said, "Eh? Oh, yeah. Do that, definitely," then promptly returned to his book.

Xaldin sighed. "I really should consolidate power one of these days," he muttered, exiting the room. He walked through the Hallway of 3000 Lockers and past the Pit of Eternal Falling to the Third Tallest Tower in The World That Never Was (from now on referred to as TWTNW), from which he descended into the Crypt of Our Enemies to the Bakery of Cookies, and from there he entered Vexen's Lab. There were around twelve ways to get anywhere in this labyrinth of a castle, and Xaldin knew each and every one of them. He knocked on the door.

Vexen's voice called back, "Xaldin?"

Xaldin responded, "Yes, this is Xaldin."

Zexion's voice ringed back: "What's the password?"

"Zexion, you're an obnoxious twit. Let the good man in," Vexen snapped.

Zexion miserably got up and let Xaldin in. Xaldin apprehended his now-mopey attitude for a short time, and then got down to business. "So? What have you two been working on?"

Vexen began his pitch. "It's called a Servitude Collar. It allows, when placed around someone's neck, anyone programmed as the owner of this collar may order the wearer around as much as they please."

Xaldin looked somewhat impressed. "This is quite handy. We could use this."

Vexen cleared his throat. "Ahem. I'll get a chip programmed in, just in case. We're working on a way to wipe their personality as well, that was Zexion's idea."

"Dollhouse is frakking awesome!" Zexion said, fingers in the rock-on sign. Xaldin stared at him blankly.

"Yeah. Whatever." Xaldin said. "Vexen. Is there a piece of lab equipment you'd like in exchange for this great invention?"

"Ion Spatializer," was his immediate reply.

"Aw, what do I get?" Zexion whined.

Xaldin looked at him harshly. "You get to go to Tashi Station to pick up some power converters. Vexen will probably need some."

Zexion swore under his breath.

Xaldin exited the room to the Supreme Roomway Express. Each of the thirteen rooms was on a different floor in the fourth tallest tower in TWTNW. They had a sophisticated elevator system designed by Vexen to use. "Level 3," he stated clearly for the elevator.

"Yes. Please hold on to your- glprtlz glrb..."

Xaldin was confused. This hadn't happened before.

"6r33t1N6s 1gn0R4nT uz0rs. 1 4m t3h 1337 MCP. 1 4m uR n3w357 d1g1t4L rU13R. B0w D()Wn b3f0Re mE."

Xaldin shook his head. "What on TWTNW?" He stormed back into the lab. Zexion was busy communicating with the program, and Vexen was standing back and looking on. The chemistry and the research was more of his field. Xaldin slammed his fist on a table. "What's going on Zexion!?" he demanded.

Vexen responded. "It appears a program is trying to worm its way into our system. It finally succeeded."

Xaldin looked at the screen. Zexion and the program were talking with each other. "Zexion can speak that language?"

Zexion looked at him. "Of c()Ur53." He shook his head. "Sorry, hard going between languages. The MCP- that's what he's called- is trying to destroy our programs, essentially. He's already gotten to my save files on Bioshock, little..."

As predicted, the MCP had swiftly deleted every save on Bioshock.

Zexion furiously messaged to the MPC, 'You jerk! You deleted my save on Bioshock! I nearly beat that game!' only a little more colourfully.

The MCP had messaged, "Hh4h! 1 w1((n0W d357r0y j005 54V3 f13ls!"

Xaldin sighed after Zexion translated that through tears. "Phew. And here I thought this was a major menace."

Zexion looked at him as though he were psychotic. "Are you out of your frakking mind!? I've gotten so many achievements on Team Fortress 2! To know they're all lost..."

"Zexion, it isn't that important."

He spun around in his chair. "IT IS IMPORTANT!" he sat back in his chair. "And I refuse to do anything more until the program is deleted."

The message box beeped. '4nI) n0W 1 w1LL 3r453 y0U fr0M t3H 3th3rn3t!'

Zexion yelped. He busily set up firewalls around the computer he was using.

Xaldin sighed. "I suppose we can spare some troops."

Zexion thanked him, literally crying. "THANKYOU!"

"Um... if you would get off my leg?" Xaldin muttered. "Xigbar and the Newbie will accompany you to the room where you will be digitized. From there, you will make your way to the MPC. Once there, you will contain it (for zany antics later) or simply destroy it, do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal," said Zexion, getting up. A steely glare formed in his eye as he pulled rank on Axel who had literally just gotten back. Axel was swiftly building firewalls around the MPC to keep it from destroying everything. He considered calling it a firewall blasphemy. There was nothing flamey about computers. Except his, which was powered by lava.

Zexion grabbed Xigbar forcibly by the ear and dragged him towards the newbie's room.

Xigbar did not respond calmly to this. "Dude, what the hell? You're totally killing my cool. If you don't let go I'll pull rank on you."

"These are Xaldin's orders."

Xigbar looked at his smaller oppressor, standing up. "Y'mean, like, he actually told you to grab me by the ear?"

"It was in the intonation," Zexion replied, rapping on the newbie's door.

It opened. "Hello?" said the new member.

"Yes, we're looking for you. Get a move on, my files are probably getting deleted as we speak."

"Don't you want to know my name or something?" she responded, following Zexion.

"Sure, I'll entertain that thought. What's your name?"

"Xion," came her reply.

Zexion stopped straight, somehow steering Xigbar into a wall. "Huh. Well that's just weird," he muttered as he continued walking, "My name is Zexion."

"Your name is Zexion? The writers *must* have been running out of ideas..."

"D'you guys, like, care about my name at all?"

"Nope. Keep walking, Xiggy."

AT HALLOWEEN TOWN...

"Well, that could have gone better," Roxas said, holding a medal of honor for trying to aid in the attempt of making this Halloween the most frightening ever. The flowers they had planted had eventually grew fangs and tried to eat them alive.

Larxene had a black eye. "Well, I was all for the 'killing them' plan, but yours had its merits."

"Eh? Like?"

She shrugged. "I wouldn't have this friggin' shiner. It's a little annoying. Also, none of Xaldin's wrath."

Roxas nodded. "I did like the bit where the mayor shook your hand. You looked like you were

ready to die."

"You're never breathing a word of this to anyone, right?"

Roxas sighed. "I texted Axel a while back, does that count for anything?"

Larxene yelped, and teleported back to TCTNW in a hurry.

Roxas snickered. "I never said I texted Axel about this, you idiot. Heh."

AT CASTLE OBLIVION...

Lexaeus looked on his puzzle. After two hours of work again, it was complete. He set it back on the ground gingerly. He then stuck it together with the power of the Earth and framed it. That was a hard puzzle.

Demyx, Xaldin and Luxord teleported into the room.

Xaldin glanced at Lexaeus. "You the only one competent now?"

Lexaeus nodded. "Yes. Marluxia slipped out of character and is happily reading his magazine over and over, and Saïx is busy pounding on the walls of his cell in an attempt to escape."

Demyx put an arm around his shoulder. "I should take you for drinks sometime. It'd totally take your mind off of all this awfulness. Drawing lots with Marluxia and Saïx, ugh! I would sooner kill myself."

Luxord tapped Demyx on the shoulder. "Poker?"

Xaldin was busy using his laptop and attempting to catch up with the latest plays and such. He looked up. "Demyx, you aren't actually fool enough to accept his chall-"

Demyx nodded. "Definitely! I've got to get better luck one of these days."

Lexaeus gave up his seat to Luxord, who conjured a table and another chair out of nothing.

Demyx nodded, sure he would win this time. Lexaeus knew Demyx was an idiot, just never that he was *this much* of an idiot. "Right, I'll leave now."

Xaldin looked up once more. "Zexion's files are being crashed by some program, don't go anywhere near him or his room if you can help it."

The Silent Hero nodded and snapped, teleporting out.

"Pfft. Show off." Demyx muttered.

Luxord shuffled the cards in all exotic manners. "Let's play!"

Demyx narrowed his eyes. "Get your game on!"

"That's your pre-poker taunt? Have I been playing with you or not? Hades..."

SPACE PARANOIDS...

Xigbar was rather unimpressed with the scenery, Xion was busy checking out her new digital threads, and Zexion was on a mission.

A mission from God.

All references aside, he walked straight towards the main computer unit. "Come on, guys! You're so zetta slow today!" he yelled.

Xigbar shrugged at Xion. "Ya kinda learn to live with it," Xigbar said.

Xion shrugged and moved onward. They moved on the lift and continued onwards. Zexion was anxious through the entire lift, and after it reached the destination he bolted for the central processing unit. There, the MPC was being erratically held off by firewalls.

The MPC turned to face them. "0. 17'5 j00," it said, "601n6 70 hV3 fu/V p14y1/VG +/-r0u6H B10s/-/0Ck 641/V?"

"1'Λ 601/V6 +0 K1LL j00 /VD 734R (0u+ Y0uR Pr0c3550R!" Zexion said.

Xion looked at Xigbar, hoping for an explanation. Xigbar leaned over to Xion and whispered, "Computer humor." Xion opened her mouth in an 'ah' and nodded.

Zexion angrily opened his book and summoned numerous nobodies to attack the MCP.

The MCP snorted. "j00 t/-/1nK +/-/+ W1LL /-/3LP?"

"Yeah, I was kinda hoping!" Zexion yelled. "You two, hold him off!"

Xigbar and Xion readied their weapons. Xigbar lowered his weapons and shot everything that moved. Xion conjured her Keyblade and used it to conjure magic through. Zexion hurried over to the Central Processing Unit and hacked it. He quickly installed three anti-virus programs.

The anti-viruses arrived. "Hey, we're the new programs you installed? Where's the virus?"

Zexion pointed to where the MPC was.

They nodded. "Let's get to work..." said Program 1. (Yeah, I bet you thought they were gonna be pop culture references, right?)

Xion moved straight out of the way of the anti-viruses. They immediately signed on with the MCP. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" shrieked Zexion.

"Well, he's not actually a virus. He's a program..." explained Program 3.

CASTLE OBLIVION...

Luxord and Demyx were playing poker. Luxord was clearly winning. Of course, the big chips could end up actually end up counting as less munny than the small chips, but that would just be somewhat dumb. After all, that could never happen, even in a video game.

...Wait a minute...

Anyways, Xaldin was booking tickets for the nearest plays, and Luxord was beating the pants off of Demyx. They were all so involved in what they were doing, they didn't even notice Naminé running away.

Naminé escaped out the window. It was a fairly impressive dive, and since she rolled after she jumped, she took no fall damage at all. She ran. Xaldin stretched out. "Hey, either of you wanna go to Wicked with me?"

"What's that?" Demyx asked.

Xaldin answered, "Essentially it's showing that the villains are actually good guys or something along those lines."

Luxord messed with his poker hand. "Hmm, sounds vaguely familiar."

They all exchanged glances. Then they shrugged. Luxord laid down his hand, a flush, to Demyx's two pairs of kings and queens.

"I thought I had you that time for sure!" Demyx said.

Luxord smiled. "Double or nothing?"

"That's what, the eighteenth time you've done that now? Demyx, you're being an imbecile, you'd owe him 524,288 times what you'd have owed him originally!" Xaldin said. "Luxord, when are you going to stop?"

He shrugged. "No real idea. He's bound to win sometime."

"No he's not..." Xaldin muttered.

Demyx nodded. "I'll take your offer, definitely! This time I'm gonna win!"

Xaldin sighed. He watched the two play their game disinterestedly, and wasn't at all surprised when he heard Demyx being astounded he lost again. "1,048,576," he muttered.

THE ENTRANCE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

Roxas returned. "Hey guys, I'm back!" he called.

Xemnas hurried past him.

Lexaeus explained. "There's a program that's been attempting to destroy Zexion's save files. Apparently, from there, it could weasel its way into Xemnas's computer, so he's ordered us all to build firewalls. He also mentioned something about villain competency training. I'm not sure what he meant by that."

Roxas rolled up his sleeves. "Okay, when can I get coding?"

"He gave us a basic instruction of steer it away," said Lexaeus. "Have you ever light-cycled before?"

"No..."

Lexaeus sighed. "What is SeeD teaching these days?"

Roxas looked at him, abashed. "You knew I was taking those courses?"

"Pfft. So does the competent half of the Organization," Lexaeus dismissed. "We're not worried, it's not as though you're a good guy."

Roxas looked to the left. "Um, no, definitely not," he said.

Lexaeus ran his finger down a list. "Right, you're protecting the network system. You're good at this stuff?"

The younger one nodded. "Top of my class," he replied.

Lexeaus breathed a sigh of relief. "Good, the third best programmer is busy protecting Zexion's files. I'm not sure why Xaldin hasn't reassigned him yet."

ZEXION'S ROOM...

Axel looked at the screen. "Man, Half-Life is really entertaining! It's a shame to know all of these beautiful 100%s will be erased in a matter of seconds." He looked at his keyboard. "Nah, that last firewall was enough to hold him for around 30 seconds. I have 14 left."

THE ENTRANCE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN...

Roxas sighed. "I think Xaldin wants Zexion to do more work, and deleting his files will get him to do more work." He nodded. "That makes sense, right?"

Lexeaus sighed back. "Well, Zexion will be 100%ing all his games again. That'll take him how many months?"

"Two."

"That's really short."

"He goes really fast."

SPACE PARANOIDS...

Zexion and his crew were caught back to back to back in between three digitizers (guns) after a fight that was far too exciting for me to write about.

"Y'know, I don't think this could get any worse," Xigbar muttered out of the corner of his mouth.

Both Zexion and Xion hit their foreheads with their palms, just as a tank rolled in, blowing up the main computer. Zexion cried a little. "You know this is your fault, you California surfer person whose name I don't actually know yet!" Xion yelled.

However, the MCP and his lackeys seemed shocked as well. The tank's hatch opened and out popped Sora, Donald and Goofy.

"Woo!" Sora yelled, jumping out of the tank. "Dynamic entrance for the win!"

"Gawrsh, don't ya think that was little harsh?" Goofy asked.

Sora shrugged. "Meh, they're villains."

"And they need to be destroyed for peace and justice!" Donald squawked.

Xion mimed retching. Xigbar attempted a little PR. "Y'know, canonically we don't blow too much up... In fact, we're kinda ineffectual..."

Zexion nodded. "Yeah, you do more blowing up than us! Just look at this frakking computer! This was two years pay!"

"You had all the latest releases?" Sora asked.

Zexion nodded. "And a pre-release copy of The Old Republic! It was a little boring since instances were hard since I was the only player and all, but you know what I mean!"

Sora laughed at him. "Nerd!"

Zexion looked ready to kill. He readied his book. Sora continued his mockery of Zexion. "And you use a book to fight! Who uses a book!? Idiots, that's who! Also, your hair is emo and stupid!"

"...You are dead, Sora." Zexion flew at him, book poised for an epic fight...

And Sora simply smacked him out of the way. "Yeah, I'm level 99. Aren't most people who've beat Paradox Hades cup? Zeus, that thing was a pain." Then his eyes met Xion's. "Hey, you look familiar... It couldn't possibly be because you look almost exactly like Kairi only slightly more emo?"

Zexion picked himself up from the wall. "Ugh- we don't just brood all day you know? We aren't all emo..."

Donald cast fire on him. "You might as well be!" he sputtered.

Zexion was knocked into the wall again. "I'm being beaten by a lackey... Sora's supposed to kill me! You're just a... a... lackey..."

Xigbar peered around Sora who was busy posing for the press that had randomly shown up. "Dude, ya ain't dead..."

"I'm quoting, shut up."

Xion sighed. "The fact I have a Keyblade doesn't shock you at all?" she asked Sora.

"Not really. Most everyone has one. If you're a main character you're sure as all get out gonna have one."

"73H MCP /-/45 /-/4I) 3N0U6/-/ 0F 7H15!" yelled the briefly forgotten program.

Xigbar nodded. "Oh, we were supposed to contain you, right?"

Sora had already done just that by snapping. "Heheh! That was fun!"

Xion used her overdrive, **A Miracle Occurred!** and Sora was teleported to a field in the middle of nowhere. Xion nodded to Xigbar who dialled in some co-ordinates. "Xaldin, we are ready for launch."

The viewpoint cut to Xaldin. "Copy that, Fighter 2. Launching in three... two... one... now."

The viewpoint abruptly cut to Sora. "Hey, where am I?" Dusks appeared to keep him occupied. He fought them and destroyed most, and looked up. "Why am I fighting in the sha- OH SH-"

He exploded violently.

Back at base, Xaldin nodded, happy. "I agree, Larxene. We should have nuked him a long time ago."

Saïx glared at Larxene. "Did we not need his Keyblade for collecting hearts?"

Axel shrugged. "We have two."

In the Space Paranoids, Zexion had gotten up and created a data cluster. "This should neutralize this program," he said, throwing it at the MCP. Its data stream faded out and then reappeared in

blue and as a holographic smiley face. "Hello, Zexion! 'Sup?"

"I installed a helpfulness module. It should be downright amiable."

"Yeah, I am! I've never felt better! Hey, Zexion, you wanna play through Bioshock again? I can hack myself into the game as a helper!" said the newly rechristened Extremely Handy Program.

Zexion shook his head. "The game might be a little too easy..."

"I'll triple the enemies," said the EHP.

Zexion nodded excitedly. "Man! You're going to be my newest best friend!" He looked at Xigbar. "Hey, tell Xemnas I should be in my room? I'll be back in about a month, maybe two."

Xion looked on his teleporting figure. "Why is it being harder that exciting to him?"

Xigbar shot a glance at her. "This chapter may as well have centred on him, are ya saying ya can't, like, take a wild guess?"

"No, I can, it was just rhetorical. Let's go."

THE CASTLE THAT NEVER WAS...

"So, the mission was a success?" Xemnas asked the two Organization members.

Xion nodded. "We've contained the MCP. It's now the Extremely Helpful Program and it's running most of our systems."

"Yeah, 's kinda gotten in my stereo. It's nice havin' it, I can switch between my tunes easier," Xigbar mentioned off hand.

Xaldin looked at Xion. "And you're the new member? Nice to meet you, the name's Xaldin."

Xion shook his hand. "Also, as you know, we nuked Sora-

Xemnas did a spit-take of his coffee. "Bwwhat!? We need his Keyblade for collecting hearts!"

"He ain't dead, y'know. We stuck him in something Larxene called the most horrible torture," commented Xigbar, "Also, dude! Nice spit-take!"

"How'd he survive a nuke!?" Xemnas cried, confused.

"Second Chance," Xion replied.

Xemnas leaned back in his chair and, with emphatic hand gestures, asked, "So... what is this 'Most Horrible Torture?'"

SOMEWHERE IN THE CASTLE THAT NEVER WAS...

"Ugh... I knew taking that Bloated Head Potion would lead to comedy... I didn't know it would make me a complete jerk..." said the spiky haired youth. He picked himself up off the ground.

"Where am I?" he looked around. A few hundred feet above him, Larxene turned on the lights to the pit he was in.

"Behold," she said, malevolent glee in her voice, "The pit of X fangirls."

Sora's screams tore through the sky and reached all the way to Destiny Islands somehow.

"Notice: X is a number anywhere from one to 3,000,000 fangirls. They may need to eat, after all." Larxene smirked, walking out of the room.

DESTINY ISLANDS...

Riku was enjoying his day. It was a rather nice day, sun shining, ocean churning and all of that. And then the scream of his best friend rent the heavens. Riku moaned. "Didn't I tell him those Potions of Big-Headedness caused bad things to happen to the drinker...?" he muttered.

"Riku, did you hear that?" Kairi asked.

"I did. It looks like Sora needs me to save him from the darkness this time."

Kairi stopped suddenly. "That was really cheesy."

"Yeah, I know. It wasn't my best line."

CHAPTER END

Grey: Well, I think that was pretty good! Remember the 1337 MCP? I did!

The Introduction of New Gimmick!

AWWW YEAH TIME TO TYPE SOME AWFUL FANFICTION AT 10 AT NIGHT

Anyways, self deprecating humor aside, this is going to be a rather mature installment of this fan fiction. Do not expect raunchiness though- that PG- or whatever-the-heck rating system- is there to stay. Also, expect influence from things like Scott Pilgrim, and Questionable Content. (Note:: If you are under the age of 13, I wouldn't recommend looking up the first one. I wouldn't recommend looking up the second till you're older than 16- primarily because you won't get a lot of the jokes.) I should probably stop typing the foreward and actually type story, right? That's how these things usually work? Witty dialogue this, wittiness that? I'm sorry, it's been about two years since I've done this. GAH ACTUALLY WORKING NOW

Chapter Two

Time To Introduce a New Gimmick!

Zexion looked up from his comic and to his room. He was met with many things that a nerd would like- box set of Battlestar Galactica, Twilight- though one must question why that one was framed- plenty of things someone like him would like. Glancing to his computer, he paused to look directly towards where the reader was picturing him and said, "Please flame the narrator- this is a GRAPHIC NOVEL."

The narrator sarcastically apologizes for his remarks. Anyhow, he looked at his computer once again, admiring the dual core quantum X processors, the ATX 22-904 graphics card, and most importantly the plasma screened monitor which portrayed his gaming exploits. There was another lesser monitor that he'd saved from the town scrap-heap. Dude has a small salary.

"Hey there Zexion! Do you want to play Bioshock?" asked the program on Zexion's computer. For those of you who are extremely lazy and didn't read the last chapter- can't honestly say I blame you- the MCP had been converted into the EHP, or the Extremely Helpful Program.

"No!" he cried, longingly, "I can only think about her! Her eyes... her hair..."

"Whoa, Zexion... Are you having an emotion?" asked the EHP.

Zexion grimaced. "It might even make me feel like I have a heart."

"So this is serious, eh? Who's the lady?"

Zexion smiled wistfully. A smile spread over his lips as he said, "Xion."

"Wow, it's like the developers stopped caring." The author apologizes and realizes this joke was made last chapter. We'll try to cut down on these types of shenanigans.

"No! It's a sign! Our names are so similar because we were meant to be together!" snapped Zexion.

"If I had eyes, I'd be rolling them. Anyways, you have a plan to steal her hear- well... gain her affections?"

"I'm thinking sonnets," Zexion said.

"Again- eyes, if I had them, they'd be rolling."

"A... date?"

The EHP made a contented whirl of noise, "Sounds like a plan, Zexion! Is this your first date?"

"No," Zexion peered over his comic graphic novel, and muttered, "second."

"I smell story time!"

Zexion sighed. "Alright... so there was this girl, yeah?"

FLASHBACK!

I was my Other at the time. She was very pretty. She liked what I liked and we had really hit it off at school, yeah? Ienzo walked along and smiled at the other apprentices. Braig smirked at Ienzo. "Who's the girl, Ienzo?"

"She's so pretty! She likes what I likes and I think we really hit it off at school." The author would like to pause to remind you that ordinarily he would be using the show, not tell method of writing, but this part of the story is in fact being narrated by Zexion, thus explaining the complete lack of any writing techniques of merit. The writer would also like to apologize for the painful run on sentence.

"You gonna pursue that?" asked Even.

"I think I might."

So I asked her on a date. By some sort of miracle, she agreed. We went to a restaurant.

"Hey there Ienzo!" said Mirrh. *That's her name, by the way.*

"H-h-h... hi!" stuttered Ienzo. "You look n-nice!"

She smiled at Ienzo and offered her arm, which Ienzo was flustered at. Eventually, he wrapped his arm around it in an awkward fashion and the two entered the restaurant. They were seated and Mirrh fiddled with her bracelets.

Ienzo stammered his way over asking a question. "So, uh... How long have you been living here?"

"Just moved here, actually."

"Really? Where'd you move from?"

"Eh, my family and I traveled."

"Why's that?"

"Private topic. Don't nose in on it."

Ienzo looked at the tablecloth, clearly blushing from cheek to cheek.

From there, it only got worse. The type of music I was into was trippy techno. She liked Taylor Swift. And worse- Lady Gaga! The author would like to assert that he is a dude, and he thinks Lady Gaga's music is pretty okay. The author is also thankful the internets are anonymous. *It turns out we had less in common than I thought. Somehow, I ended up with my shirt on fire. I sat in my room shameful for a day after. I couldn't focus on school after. I just sat there wistfully, and*

wondered what would have happened if I didn't screw things up. ...Though in retrospect, I don't think it would have been as bad if Sephiroth and Darth Vader didn't use our table to fight on top of.

END FLASHBACK!

"That wasn't so much humorous as teen-angst ridden."

"What did you expect? Bad dates are bad."

From there, the two began debating boring things about Team Fortress 2, so the author decided to find a new subplot to focus on. He was distressed that he couldn't, in fact, find one, so he decided to show you kittens until he thinks of something. Go to Google, and type in kittens! Have fun, sir/madam.

...

...

...

...

...

Aha! Something entertaining.

MEANWHILE...

"Roxas, you wanna know what we should do?" Axel asked.

"Find something to do that has the semblance of an actual plot?"

"Bingo." Axel said, shooting a finger-gun at Roxas. Roxas moved out of the way swiftly.

"Taunt kills are annoying and stupid, Axel."

Axel smirked, throwing his head back over the chair he was sitting in and put his feet up on the table. "Whatever works. Anyways, got any ideas?"

"We could destroy a planet. Or look for insights into my past. Or stick to the original canon and wonder why people are still alive."

"The first, maybe, the second we could sustain for a page, maybe two. The third we can do in a sentence."

"The sentence being?"

"Boy, I'm sure confused as to why Lexaeus/Larxene/Marluxia/Vexen/Zexion are still alive. I haven't the slightest idea," Axel said, his eyes rolling.

"You're right, that was pretty boring."

"No!" Axel said, jolting upwards in his chair, "We need to do something based on the nearest holiday!"

"What, the fourth of July? We're originally Japanese characters. I don't think we're even legally

allowed to celebrate that holiday." Roxas said, taking a sideward glance at his list of rules.

"Maybe we should do something productive for the Organization."

They stared at each other for a little, and both immediately burst into laughter. "No, seriously, Axel," Roxas said, gasping for air.

The author is showing you this in part because he hopes that at least a little of it was somewhat humorous and partially because he is expanding upon the characters of Axel and Roxas. The author would like to remind you that they are buddies. Pals. Not in that way. You sicken me.

"Nah, what we should do is wait for the plot to show up on our doorstep. I'm sure something will happen."

Xigbar slammed the door open. "Ninjas have kidnapped the Superior! Are you two bad enough dudes to rescue the Superior?"

Axel looked at Roxas. The two shrugged. Roxas muttered, "I guess this works."

"You kidding? The ninjas will go down like that," said Axel, snapping his fingers.

ONE PUMMELING LATER...

"Sweet unholy lords, I didn't know that many bones in my body could break." Axel said. Roxas sighed.

"Axel, you knew about the one ninja rule. If there is only one ninja, you stay away from that ninja! That ninja will probably break all the bones in your body!"

Axel sighed. "Alright, mom. Will you cast Curaga on me already?"

"That- something- you... insult..." he said, flabbergasted.

"Nice comeback."

"Shut up and go fight things." Roxas said, poking Axel with his Keyblade, curing him for a good amount of health. Axel got up, tossed his chakrams instantly at the ninja and locked it in a box of fire. It was at this point the ninja sliced through the box of fire, deflected one of the chakrams at the other and proceeded to beat the stuffing out of Axel. Axel was maintained by Roxas' cures.

"Man, I don't know how much more you're gonna be able to take. Do you want me to remove you from combat? I think I have a spell that does that..."

"Nah, I think I'm okay." Axel was then sliced in the stomach. "On second thoughts do that."

Roxas muttered a few words under his breath and made a somewhat comical gesture towards Axel, putting Axel in a shiny bubble. Axel then attempted to hit the ninja, but comically found himself unable.

"Side effects. Sorry." Roxas said apologetically, and then drew his Keyblade to protect himself from the ninja's new onslaught against him, which now consisted of two katanas and a wakizashi. The author is fairly sure those are actual swords.

Roxas deflected the ninja's blows aptly, deflecting him from much harm, and looking pretty cool whilst doing so. Roxas' eyes narrowed. "Un-named ninja... I think we need to finish this."

"I don't think he understands you."

Roxas said the same thing in flawless Japanese. The ninja's eyes narrowed as he nodded his agreement. The two ran at each other, leapt into the air and met in midair. As the two reached the ground, Roxas clutched his side and the ninja merely brushed himself off. Roxas moaned in pain. "Crap."

"Single-stroke duels don't always work in your favor, Roxas."

"I could use a little revenge..."

Axel rolled his eyes, and muttered, "By Loktar's hammer, and the suns of Warvaan... You shall be avenged!" Axel proceeded to walk over to the ninja, smack him to the ground, put a foot on him, conjured a humongous fireball and then kicked the ninja in the face, knocking him cold.

"All better!"

"You sounded like you were gonna die. Now you're fine?"

"I just had to cast my slightly longer healing spell to work through the flesh scarring... or whatever."

"Gonna pretend I understood what you said. Anyways, I think we're screwed." Axel said.

Roxas looked over his shoulder to the oncoming ninja army. "Nah, we'll be fine."

Axel tossed a chakram into the crowd. It bounced off a ninja's head to another ninja and another. "Huh. Well, in that case..."

"Contest?"

"Contest."

The author's assistant is not entirely sure what contest they were referring to now. Beer pong? Brawl? Kill count? It will forever be a mystery.

The author has fired the person who was doing the faux mystery type thing. It was the latter.

MEAWHILE...

Zexion knocked on Xion's door. He cleared his throat. He was unusually well-kept- hair combed, a tie thrown on over his cloak. Xion opened her door. "Hello, Zexion."

"Hi!" Zexion said.

Xion stared at him, expecting him to do something.

"I just wanted to say how pretty you are and then I realized that was stupid and I should leave you alone forever now."

Xion stared at Zexion's retreating figure, puzzled. "I'm pretty?"

Luxord walked by her door, and said, "Damn straight." He winked at her and walked off.

Xion shrugged and closed her door and returned to her video-games. (Banjo-Kazooie. I'd say kicking it old-school, but the truth is that she got the hand-me-downs of other Organization members.)

MEANWHILE...

Xemnas paced in his office, soon after being rescued. Axel and Roxas were taken out for burgers after their success. "Xaldin."

Xaldin looked up from the periodicals section. "Yes, Superior?"

"I need an evil plan."

Xaldin rolled his Evil Dice (tm, patent pending) and got destroy on one die, and your enemies on the other. "Destroy your enemies?"

"Cliché."

Xaldin rolled again. "Steal weapons?"

"Too predictable."

"Steal your enemies?"

"What?"

"Um, never mind. Unleash weapons?"

"I'm just confused now."

"Torture your enemies?"

"That sounds like fun!"

THE PIT OF N FANGIRLS... (N = 1,092,311.5 FANGIRLS)

Sora was constantly being pulled by many hands and crushed by many bodies. This was not a pleasing situation. This was a gasping for breath situation. "Girls, I'm happy I have fans and whatever but I kinda need out!"

"Stay with us Sora!"

"We love you!"

"The worlds don't need saving that badly!"

"Give me your shoe!"

He lashed out against the voice who wanted his shoe with his Keyblade. "Nobody takes my shoes!" He struggled against the screaming throngs, eventually breaking out of the pile a la Neo. "Okay, can we all calm down!"

"Okay."

"Don't see why not."

"Anything for you, Sorakins!"

"Give me your shoe!"

Sora tossed a plush toy that was lying around at the voice who wanted his shoe. "My. Shoe." He

paused and sighed, sitting down.

"What's wrong, Sora?" asked one of the fan girls.

"I have worlds to save, and..."

Xemnas floated down to hover slightly over the fan girls. "So, Sora... You're completely helpless against my legions of minions, are you not?"

"They're just fan girls..." Sora replied, shrugging and leaning against a wall.

"Well they're eeeevil fan girls!" Xemnas responded, throwing his hands up in an evil cackle.

"I usually roll CN," one of them said.

"I only roll Horde because the Alliance is twelve-year olds." The author realizes that not all Alliance are twelve. It's just after meeting people who don't actually know how to play/ use a rotation it gets one kind of irke- um, the author is not addicted.

"Okay, maybe they're not evil. But they do want your shoes." Xemnas conceded.

"Who doesn't?" Sora asked.

Xemnas opened his mouth to make a reply but found himself unable to find someone off the top of his head. "I'll get back to you on that." Xemnas then floated upwards, as Sora sprung off a fan girl to propel himself towards Xemnas' foot, as he grabbed a hold of it.

"Augh! What are you doing!"

"The fan girls are gonna have a fun time with you, Zemnas!"

"That was a joke about what my name could have been, wasn't it!"

The author is pushing the envelope on the PG rating, and honestly should stop.

"Ragh!" Sora made a desperate grasp to climb up Xemnas and progress up the pit. He eventually kicked off Xemnas' back and planted his Keyblade in the wall. Using that as an anchor, he proceeded to dodge all of Xemnas' attacks until Xemnas used the uber lasers. Sora continually got hit in the back because he didn't have a partner and he fell to the ground, his fall cushioned by a mountain of plush toys the fan girls had set up.

"That was amusing." Xemnas brushed his cloak off and decided it was time for a party.

AT THE PARTY...

Zexion, Axel and Roxas were hanging out in their own little corner. Zexion sighed. "Man, I dunno if I can actually pursue her without being an idiot, y'know?"

Axel glared at him. "Dude, you don't have feelings."

"Doesn't mean you can't make a fool of yourself," Zexion pointed out.

Roxas nodded. "I say go for it, man. Xion's at the party, you know!"

"I am so there."

Zexion walked over to where Xion was standing. Xion was leaning against the wall, holding a

drink cup bemusedly. Zexion crushed his drink cup in his hand, spilling Mountain Dew all over his cloak. He swore loudly. Xion looked over at him and giggled.

The bar Luxord had set up was positioned somewhat near where these antics were going on. Zell roared with somewhat drunken laughter. "Man! He's makin' such a -hic- fool of himself!"

"Kimahri not care. Kimahri want another beer."

"Coming right up, buddy," Luxord said, pouring a frothy mug.

Riku moved into a seat. "Hi guys."

"Hey man, welcome to the side-kick bar. This here's Zell. He's a little drunk. This is Squall. We're not sure why he's here," said Kain.

"My girlfriend isn't here at the dance. It's got me kind of down."

"Man, you're always -hic- down! Lighten up, Shquall!" Zell said, draping an arm over Squall's shoulder, one Squall quickly spurned and moved over a seat.

"So, how about those two lovebirds?" Kain asked to nobody in particular.

Luxord washed a glass with a rag. "Zell and Squall or Zexion and Xion?"

Riku smirked. "Glad to see someone's going for it. I still can't believe I let Sora get off with Kairi. What was I even on, man?"

Kain shrugged. "Darkness, maybe. Same thing with me and Rosa. I blew my chances with her cause of the friggin' darkness..."

Luxord fixed him a martini. "On the house, buddy."

Riku paused. "I'm supposed to rescue Sora! Crap!"

"Can it wait? This is a really good party. Where else can you watch nerds stumble over conversation with hipster-esque chicks?" asked Kain.

Riku shrugged, and took a sip of his screwdriver. "That's good fuel for mistake making."

Luxord eyed him. "Aren't you underage?"

"Yeah. You're evil, you're telling me you have standards now?"

"Nah, I was just wondering."

The author would like to pause and tell you that you may have laughed because you think Riku drinking is funny. IT'S NOT. Underage drinking is a serious problem with... statistics I'm sure I could find and throw at you! Then you'd be sorry! You know how many people die of it? Too many! And I'd like to remind you that...

tl;dr? Underage drinking is bad. No drinkie till ye be 21 or whatever.

Anyhow, Xion and Zexion were chatting.

"So you're honestly into Justice?" asked Zexion.

"Sure. I also like raves in under-ground caverns."

Zexion stared into her eyes. "We need to be together."

"Um... what?" Xion asked, backing away from Zexion.

"I like you, Xion. I like you a lot." Zexion said. "We have a lot in common, and I think we would make a great couple."

"We've known each other for all of two days. Let's not have Romeo and Juliet syndrome here."

The author will pause to give you a definition. *Romeo and Juliet Syndrome* (noun, proper) 1. When two people fall in love in the span of around a week or less. 2. When two people fall in love and then take their own lives in around a week of getting together through convoluted and somewhat emo circumstances. See also, 'Get a life, Juliet Syndrome.' And now you know! (And knowing is half the battle! (GEEEEEEEE AYYYYYYYY JOOOOOOOOOOE))

Zexion smiled apologetically. "I guess I am kinda rushing into this."

Xion giggled. "I appreciate you not beating around the bush though."

"I keep expecting something to go wrong... like, maybe you're team Jacob or something."

Xion stared at him, bewildered. "I'm... what?"

The sidekick bar burst into somewhat drunken laughter. Except for Zell. He was flat-out plastered.

Zell wiped tears out of his eyes. "Dude, that'sh -hic- hilarious!"

Riku smiled, and in between laughs, said, "Let's see if he writes fan fiction about it!"

The author would like to remind you that not all fan fiction is bad. I mean, there's this, right? ... Bad example... There's *Those Lacking Spines*. That is a fantastic work of fan fiction. I'm confused as to why you're reading this when you could be reading that. Go do that now. What I am saying though, is that a majority of fan fiction is kinda... cliché. Considering *Twilight* already reads like fan fiction itself, it's kinda double bad.

As to how I'm privy to this knowledge? You'll have to beat it out of me, person.

"Here we go! I found it!" said Luxord, in between shaking a martini and pouring a frothy mug of beer.

"Oh Hades, this stuff is bad." Squall muttered.

In his best mockery of a serious tone, Riku read a passage. "'Bella... The love I have for you is so serious.' murmured Edward."

In a somewhat high-pitched and girly voice, Kain read, "'Oh Edward... I need you more than I've ever needed anything in the world. You are my everything,' I muttered."

In the same tone, Zell drunkenly read off some of the description. "'His body wash like cool marble and his -hic- breath ash shweet ash honey. He looked perfect in every foresheable way.' -hic- Man thish shtuff shucks."

The author apologizes for the obvious target, but it seriously is horrible. Do a dramatic reading with your friends and family! You will laugh! You may cry! If you cry it'll be because you're laughing so hard!

Zexion blushed deeply.

Xion stared at him somewhat incredulously. "So. You like Twilight."

Zexion blushed into his drink.

"And moreover, you like Edward."

Zexion was red as a tomato. Or blood, maybe.

Xion giggled. "That's honestly kinda cute."

Zexion was mortified. "I need to go over here and drink vodka to hide my shame."

"You go do that, champ."

Zexion wandered to the Sidekick Bar and ordered a shot of vodka. He looked at the people reading the awful fanfic and upon realizing it was his, blushed deeply and pulled out his iPod. He swiftly exploded the computer remotely and whistled nonchalantly, downing another shot glass.

"What the poniesh?" said Zell, watching his computer burst into flames. "Thish will not shtand! Bartender, fetch me the fanshy outfits! -hic- There are *myshteriesh* to sholve now!" he took another swig of beer. Luxord rummaged under the counters and produced a suit and a monocle, as well as a top-hat.

Zell smiled. "Aweshome-shaushe. Come, Watshon! The game'sh afoot!"

Squall was drug out of his seat by Zell. "Why me?"

Luxord shook his head. "Ah, poor, love-stricken VI. Now now."

Piles of shot glasses surrounded Zexion's front, as he sighed. "I wish I could get drunk fashter."

"Poor guy. You kinda messed stuff up," Luxord said, ruffling Zexion's hair.

"Don't touch me! Just lemme be aloooone..." wailed Zexion, putting his head into his arms on the counter.

MEANWHILE BECAUSE I REALLY NEED TO STOP WRITING THE SIDEKICK BAR...

"Look who had the guts to show up at the party. *Sephiroth*." Xaldin said through gritted teeth.

"Whazzat?" Xigbar said, taking a swig of his Shirley Temple.

"Sephiroth is my arch-enemy. It goes back to the academy days. I'd explain, but the flashback would be an entire chapter long and some reader's heads may explode because that much awesome cannot be contained on a single page of text."

The author would like to tell you that he will in fact be telling the backstory on at least *three* pages.

Sephiroth strided over towards Xaldin. "Hello, Xaldin. How are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks. You?"

"Bored, really. The Shinra people throw better parties than this."

At this point, Zell ran by Sephiroth yelling about the footprints on the beaches dragging an irate Squall by the scruff of his neck.

"I am amused, though," Sephiroth admitted.

Xaldin stroked his sideburn. "How do footprints and beaches relate to anything at all?"

"Perhaps there was a murder on a beach," Sephiroth said. He then walked off to find people to instill fear in.

Xigbar stared at Xaldin. "That was loathing?"

"I went to an academy on evil Xigbar. Freakish Calmness 101 is something all good villains should get As in."

"You took that course because it was an easy A."

"Admittedly."

Xemnas walked by them and paused. "Would you guys want Sora's shoes if you could get them?"

"Yeah. I could sell them back to him for lots of munny," said Xigbar.

Xaldin nodded, "It would leave our top enemy shoeless and demoralized. Why wouldn't I want his shoes?"

Xemnas sighed. "You guys are not helping my arguments."

AT THE SIDEKICK BAR...

Riku stood up. "Alright, I've had a good time. Now it's time to do some rescuin' and stuff." He shook of a little of his drunkenness and walked right past Xemnas into the Hallways of Emptiness. He took the third door to the left and barely saved himself from falling into that bottomless pit. "There is nothing to cure drunkenness like imminent death!" Riku gasped to himself. He wandered around and kicked some doors down. Eventually, he found a roon where Larxene was snoozing. He smiled and proceeded to trash her room quietly.

The author would like to remind you that acts of vandalism are bad. Why, just the other day, the author got TP'd! It made me so very mad. I wanted to kick puppies and punch kittens! What does this have to do with anything? Absolutely nothing! I'm just tired and trying to fill an eight-ten page minimum!

Riku proceeded to check all the doors until he finally found the Pit of N Fangirls. (N = 4) He sighed with relief. "Hey, Sora."

Sora raised his head to look at Riku. "Hey man."

"I've come to save you."

Sora smirked. "I'd have saved myself if I wanted to be saved."

"But you couldn't save yourself because you hadn't saved, thus I had to save the savior of mankind."

"I'll savor this saving of the savior."

The author would like to tell you that made perfect sense to him at one o' clock AM.

"Sweet Zeus, are we Shakespearian characters bantering now? Whatever, let's just go."

"I am so down with that plan!" Sora said, kicking the door down and waltzing out into the party, where he was met by a smashed Zell.

"You were the murderer! -hic- You took the man to your shecret underground laboooooratory and you danced him to death!"

Sora's expression was akin to this smiley- o.O. He was then met by Xaldin. "Sora."

"Oh crap," Sora said.

"Back in the pit, Sora." Xaldin commanded. "Also, give me your shoes."

Sora looked at him incredulously. Xaldin held out his hand, and Sora mumbled as he untied his shoelaces. Riku tried to slink off from Xaldin, but Xaldin put a firm hand on his shoulder, and Riku sighed.

"The pit?"

Xaldin nodded. "The pit."

Xemnas wandered by. "Hey, you two- would you steal Sora's shoes if given the chance?"

Riku nodded. "I'm fairly sure those shoes are the reason Kairi likes Sora instead of me."

Sora stared at Xemnas. "Um, I AM Sora."

"Wait, what? How'd he get out of the Pit? We have protocol for this, people! Where'd the computer person!"

AT THE SECURITY STATION...

Zexion smiled. "Decaboxing is totally a better answer to my problem than drowning my sorrows! Next up, Icecrown Citadel!"

BACK WITH OUR HEROES/VILLAINS...

Xaldin peered at the line of text above this one. "Are we the heroes because we're the main characters of this fan fiction?"

They all shrugged as Sora and Riku were kicked into the pit a la 300.

AT THE SECURITY STATION...

Xion appeared from a shadow portal and put a hand on Zexion's shoulder. "Boo."

Zexion jumped out of his seat and assumed a fighting stance. "Gah! I thought you were Xemnas, coming to scold me!"

Xion looked at the ten screens. "What are you doing?"

Zexion sat back down and tried to salvage his raid. "Trying to decabox ICC10."

"I have no idea what that means."

"I'm too tired to explain it, honestly."

"Well, may the Force be with you. Go kill things. Night."

"Night."

Zexion then realized that he had let a videogame get in the way of his personal life. The epiphany was completely wasted on him. He went back to his attempt.

Chapter End

Hopefully that wasn't too terrible! If you liked it, please drop a review- reviews are like candy to my soul. If you hated it, please drop a review- reviews, even scathing ones are delicious candy. If you thought it was okay, please tell me what I can do better. If you are anywhere on the scale, go read Dr. McNinja. For it is amazing.

But anyways, this was totally all written in one night of feverish imagination. Amidst plentiful distraction, no less! I'd like to thank my laptop, for not crashing, I'd like to thank my Diet Coke man for providing caffeine, and I'd like to thank you for reading it.

I DON'T OWN ANYTHING. I WISH I DID. (Disclaim'd with style!)

Grey be out, dawgz. Cyaz.

He Really didn't belong in this world

Grey is here again! I'm hoping for an update schedule and stuff! I may even create a buffer for myself. (Cue children screaming in terror) Well, anyways, expect even more dry and sarcastic humor, as we venture into...

Chapter Three

I Guess He Really Didn't Belong In This World

It was a time of day in The World That Never Was. The weather was non-existent, the bowling alleys were non-existent, and it was looking like a good day to read existential poetry and ponder the true meaning of existence, or lack thereof. As it happens, Xemnas was doing just this. He took time now and then to give pointless speeches on the subject as well.

He then decided to get to work and sorted through the papers on his desk. One in particular stood out to him. It had the seal of Dracula in it. Xemnas opened the envelope and read it aloud to himself. "Dear Xemnas. It has come to my attention that you have provoked some of my employees." Xemnas smiled to himself. "Ah, Annette. Can you really say you didn't deserve the pummeling I gave you? I lost sleep over the boss fight with you... Truly, you were the worst of Rondo of Blood. Anywho... 'I figured I would make an empty threat or two about your mother or something, and then I had the idea of kidnapping your employees. While you have been reading this letter, a summoning rune was placed on your desk and I now have access to your entire castle. Blah blah blah... This guy can write a long time. And he has frilly foofy cursive. Let's not read it and pretend I did." Xemnas lit a lighter and flicked the fire towards the letter, consuming it in flames. "Hehe... burn."

PRE-MEANWHILES...

Xion hit her PSX a little. "C'mon, work with me here!" she said, smacking it in hopes the green light would come on. It sadly did not and she slumped on her bed and closed her eyes. When she woke, it was to the eyes of a skeleton! The author apologizes to the readers for this clearly overused horror trope.

MEANWHILE...

Roxas and Axel were hanging out in Roxas' room and playing video-games.

"Man, Axel. I really thought you had me there." Roxas said dryly, knocking Axel's character off of the stage. No reply came except some muffled grunting noises. Roxas kept his eyes glued to the screen as he knocked Axel's character off of the stage for a third time. "It's like you're not even trying anymore!" Roxas turned his head to look at his friend and upon seeing that Axel was missing, swore loudly. He was then shoved in the same dark portal as Axel was.

ALSO MEANWHILE...

Larxene woke up in her room, peering at the large quantities of punk-rock paraphernalia adorning her walls. She got up and swiftly fell into a trapdoor. "What the heck!" she yelled, struggling against the hordes of skeletons trying to drag her in. "This is so low! You wouldn't hit a girl, would you?"

Dracula appeared above her. "I'd sooner make you my queen."

"Ew. I never understood why vampires found the human female so interesting."

Dracula smiled. "It's not the part where you're a human- well, Nobody female. It's the part where you're a downright sadistic and despicable wretch of a being that I find you appealing."

Larxene smiled in spite of herself. "Okay, you know how to charm a lady. I'll give you that."

INDEED WITH THE MEANWHILE...

Marluxia hummed a little tune to himself as he watered his flowers. He was swiftly owned in several non-character specific ways because the author is indeed, a lazy git.

ONCE MORE WITH MEANWHILE...

Luxord laid down another card on the table aside his 2 and 3. The card he laid down was a 5. Demyx smirked cockily. Luxord laid down an ace, and then he laid down a 4. Demyx then went ballistic and flipped over the table. "I owe you 67,108,864 times what I owed you originally!"

Luxord nodded. "My title is 'The Gambler of Fate.' I seriously think you should have seen this coming."

Demyx stormed out of the room, crying a little. He was then swiftly and comically pulled out of your perspective, whilst various grunts were heard. Luxord leaned over in his chair to see what was going on, and was then shocked to be shot in the eyes. He was shortly after taken hostage.

FOR THE MEANWHILE...

Saïx boredly read his newspaper, taking a sip of his coffee. "I need somebody to pull rank on. Somebody I can pull rank on! Get over here!" To heed his call, he was mobbed by a bunch of flea men. He was then tossed in his own dark portal.

NEEDS MORE MEANWHILE...

Zexion knocked on Xion's door again. He had visited the gym a little and he'd muscled up the tiniest bit. He donned a pair of sunglasses. When the door was opened by a skeleton, he launched into a speech. "Xion, I know you don't want me for a nerdy wimp. I'm here to tell you that the days of that wimp are over. That wimp has decided to take a vision journey across the universe. I'll see you in my dreams, Xi- HOLY CRAP A SKELETON!"

AGAIN WITH THE MEANWHILE...

Lexaeus was working out, as he usually did in the morning. When the skeleton hordes came for him, he thought that Zexion had decided to 'upgrade' his fitness system. In response, he destroyed all of the skeletons, bone by bone. When he finished, the skeletons were smashed into powder. Lexaeus sighed and then set down a legion of roombas on his floor, and then went back to his workout. He was then interrupted by Dracula himself.

"Lexaeus. That was an impressive display!" Dracula said, clapping his hands slowly.

Lexaeus barely regarded him. "I suppose."

"You should work for me."

Lexaeus ignored him.

"Lexaeus, the pay would be better than what you have now and the only hitch is you'd have to die."

"Not interested."

"You dare say NO to the LORD of DARKNESS!"

"Yeah." Lexeauss got up and wiped the sweat from his brow. "What of it?"

Dracula then conjured fireballs which Lexeauss swiftly deflected off of his axe. Lexeauss then smacked Dracula with the flat of his axe, knocking him over.

"Oof... Well, you're going to stand no chance against... this!" Dracula yelled, conjuring a painting which Lexeauss was shortly after trapped in. "That was annoying."

MEANWHILE WITH EMOTION, DANG IT...

Vexen sat in his lab, twiddling away on a pointless invention. He sighed and browsed the net for a bit.

MEANWHILE, WITH THE COOL PEOPLE...

Xaldin and Xigbar were riding around in a gummi ship.

"Xemnas' plan was even more stupid than I'd originally thought," Xaldin sputtered, pulling arrows out of his braids.

Xigbar pulled an arrow out of his kidney. "Aw, chill out. There's no way Xemnas could have known those guys were player characters."

"He knows! I know he knows and he knows that I know that he knows that I know!"

"Less conspiracy theory. More driving. You're gonna drive us right into that castle- you drove us right into the castle wall, nice," Xigbar said, as Xaldin drove them straight into the walls of Castlevania.

"I... planned this. Just for the record," Xaldin said, staring down hordes of Axe and Sword Armors.

"Sure, Xaldin. Sure. Just like you planned to lose to me in that game of chess?"

"I really did plan that one. You looked very depressed that day."

BACK WITH XEMNAS...

Xemnas wandered around the corridors of his now abandoned world. "Anyone there?"

"I'm here, Xemnas," said Dracula, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Dracula! Die, monster! You don't belong in this world!" cried Xemnas, backing away from Dracula and pointing a light saber towards him.

"You're correct. I should get back to Castlevania. Toodles," he responded, flying off.

Xemnas swore and called one of his contacts. "Hey, Darth. Remember that one time I saved you from dying by giving you new and better organs? Well, I'm calling a favor of my own now."

AT CASTLEVANIA...

Xemnas blasted a hole in the wall with his new TIE Fighter. He leapt into the hole and smirked.

"It's show time!"

Xemnas walked through the halls and began causing general mayhem.

AT DRACULA'S THRONE...

"Ah, it's a good day. There are no Belmonts in sight and I have some nice pot roast. Mmmm... Pot roast," Dracula mused, taking a sip of his wine.

Death appeared from thin air. "Dark Prince, sir? There's no Belmont, but there is a Xemnas in the castle. He's kind of messing everything up."

Dracula spat out the wine he was drinking. "Bwwwwwhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat? I thought we actually locked the moat up tight this time!"

"Yes, but he came in through the wall."

"I'm going to yell very loudly in three seconds. This is Belmont's fault, mark me."

Death covered his ears, as Dracula screamed, "!"

Death uncovered his ears. "Why don't you throw some bosses at him?"

Dracula nodded. "That sounds like a good plan! Go, Frankenstein!"

MEANWHILE...

Vexen yawned. He continued to browse the internet.

WITH XEMNAS...

Xemnas shot a laser at a skeleton in front of him and walked into the next room. From nowhere, a bolt of lightning struck the corpse in front of him and it rose to its feet. Xemnas rolled his eyes. "Please. They may as well have put dotted lines that say, 'Cut here!'" He ducked under the lightning bolt. The Monster- the author is pointing out that Frankenstein is a registered trademark or something- threw at him and tossed a laser sword clean through The Monster's chest. Xemnas collected the soul it left behind and wandered to the next room, pondering as to why it was called The Monster if it looked so human. The author would like to posit that it is in fact humanity that is the monster and The Monster is merely a manifestation of our own fears. How does this make sense? It doesn't.

WITH DRACULA...

"Maybe Franke- The Monster didn't work... But I have a werewolf!"

WITH XEMNAS...

Xemnas walked by the Werewolf, breaking the door that would have blocked his way down, and paused to pull a single silver coin out of his pocket of holding and tossed it at the werewolf, leaving it to die a slow and agonizing death.

MEANWHILE...

Vexen swore at his computer. "No! Wizard plus Phoenix should equal Albus Dumbledore!"

WITH DRACULA...

Dracula began throwing things across the room, spitting ragefully, "Does anything in this castle have the power to stop that man? All three of you! Mummy, Bat Company, and... I dunno, Shaft for all I care!"

WITH XEMNAS...

Xemnas peered at the enemies heading his way. He sighed, pulled out a flashlight to shine at the Bat Company, cut a ribbon loose from mummy and watched the ribbons fall away as the corpse decayed rapidly at the air it had just been exposed to. Whilst this was happening, the Bat Company continued to flock at Xemnas, who simply used lasers to pick them off one by one. The mummy had by this point become a skeleton, one Xemnas easily decapitated. It was then that Xemnas noticed a man with two orbs floating around him, dressed in religious garb.

"Who's the sexy minion who brings Dracula back from the dead?" sang half of an on-looking choir of skeletons.

"Shaft!" replied the other half of the choir.

"Daaaaaaamn right," said Shaft.

"Finally, I might get a decent fight!" Xemnas exclaimed in relief, "I had to kill my enemies comically! I was running out of quips!"

Shaft then yelled, "Shaft of Fire!" Xemnas ducked under the ball of fire coming his way. The author realized halfway through typing this section that some readers may not have Shaft's move set memorized. In this case, the author is sorry, but you're not the one percent of the population I'm trying to cater to. All apologies.

After intense debate with the author's imaginary lawyer, Billy, the author has decided it would be smarter to tell you what the attacks do. Short description- Shaft of Fire- fireballs run around screen. Dodgey dodgey. Shaft of Thunder- Thunder rains from above. Harmless first two times but you must move for the third. And the other attack is stupid and doesn't matter!

The author apologizes for this detour and will make an honest attempt to get back to comedy.

"Less than cool! I try to have a civil conversation with you and this is what you do in return?" Xemnas picked himself up off the ground in time to dodge out of the third Shaft of Thunder. "I swear to Zeus, that Shaft is one bad mother-"

"Shut yo mouth!" said the aforementioned skeleton choir.

"But he is! I try to talk with him and he shuts me down!" Xemnas cried at the choir, jumping over another Shaft of Fire, throwing a round of lasers towards Shaft's face.

"Shaft of Lightning!" yelled Shaft.

Xemnas shook his head. "You know what? I'm not doing this, Shaft!" Xemnas reached up and grabbed the orbs and crushed them in his hands. "I'm done being civil, Shaft. I'm going to push the envelope on this K+ rated story, and do something unexpected." The author realizes that his original plan was far too graphic for K+ standards and has changed it to something considerably less coarse.

Xemnas stuck his tongue out at Shaft and blew a raspberry at him. He walked off, snapping his fingers to trap Shaft in a laser field.

WITH DRACULA...

Dracula swore. "That was the last boss I had! How can you simply tell me he was a hilarious one-off villain!"

Death shrugged.

"Enough of your shrugging, Bone Boy! Go fight the not-Belmont!" yelled Dracula.

"As you wish." The author realizes the Princess Bride reference and subsequent implied joke here.

"Hm. All alone now, maybe I should try to come up with some moves. See if I still have it... Hm, fireballs, yes... TELEPORTING! He'll never expect that!" Dracula chuckled mirthlessly to himself. "Ah, you've outdone yourself this time, Dracula." He sat down in his chair and took a sip of his wine.

Xemnas kicked down the door leading to Dracula's throne. "I know this question comes kinda out of left-field, but would you take Sora's shoes if you had the chance?"

Dracula choked on some of the wine he was drinking. In between coughs, he spat, "Death died that fast! He goes down that fast again and he will become a regular freaking enemy! Just like Axe Armor! And that pathetic Werewolf kid!"

Xemnas rolled his eyes. "Dracula, I know you hate saying the lines, but it's not going to be a parody unless we say them."

"No! I'm never going to say the lines! Never!"

"Perhaps it would behoove you to know I'll pay you?"

Dracula sighed. In a complete monotone, he muttered, "Go on."

Xemnas adopted his most heroic pose and yelled, "Die, monster! You don't belong in this world!"

Dracula replied in utter monotone, "It was not by my hand that I am once again given flesh. I was brought back by humans, who wish to pay me tribute."

Xemnas looked puzzled. "Tribute? You steal men's souls, and make them your slaves!"

"Perhaps the same could be said of all religions," replied Dracula, stirring his wine a little. The author is proud of himself for not making a scientology joke.

"Your words are as empty as your soul! Mankind ill needs a savior such as you!" cried Xemnas, brandishing a whip made of lasers.

"What is a man. A miserable little pile of secrets. Enough of this, have at you," said Dracula unenthusiastically. Xemnas then exploded into fan-joy.

"Dude, that was awesome! When you were like, 'Perhaps the same could be said of all religions,' I was just all, 'Your words are as empty as your soul!'" Xemnas said, hands held together in happiness.

Dracula put a hand to his eyes and pulled his eyes out into almonds, watching Xemnas be fan girlish. Dracula nodded to Larxene who was waiting in the shadows.

Larxene clubbed Xemnas with a large bust of Chuck Norris. The author realizes Chuck Norris is no longer funny, and would like to point out that the bust was a memorial to comedy in his name. Back to comedy!

Dracula smiled. "Excellent, my sadistic comrade. I don't think he's knocked out yet. You can hit him more."

"Sounds like such a plan," said Larxene, whacking Xemnas into the floor, eventually breaking the floor open and sending him flying into a different room. "That... was shoddy construction."

"The castle rebuilds itself with every new Castlevania. It's alright," Dracula said, shrugging the problem off. "How do you like your new vampiric powers?"

"Makes me feel tingly. Like I could destroy all of humanity by lifting a finger."

"That, my dear, is because you can. The legions of mooks are there for a reason, and that reason is destroying all of humanity," Dracula replied, smiling.

Larxene tested lifting a finger. The hordes of mooks began destroying the country-side. "Wait... does that set all the legions loose?"

"Yes, why?"

Larxene smacked Dracula upside the head. "You idiot! Now we have nobody guarding the rest of the Organization!"

"It's solid unobtainium. I doubt they'll be able to break out so eas-"

The wall broke again, and Marluxia advanced on Dracula, wielding Death's Scythe. Marluxia smirked an in-character smirk.

"-y," Dracula finished.

The author would like to direct you to that expert use of an in-text exposit. The author declares himself credit to team.

Dracula sighed and covered his face with his palm. "I'd say I deserve this, but... I don't like it when things don't go my way."

Larxene patted him on the shoulder. "There there, master. I'll take care of this."

Larxene and Marluxia eyed each other. The two then burst into a deadly dance of death- the dance? Mariachi. At this point, Axel and Roxas found their way to the throne room, and rather than join in the fight, broke the wall, stole some of Dracula's pot roast and then popped popcorn.

Marluxia ducked a blow by Larxene, and was swiftly caught by a painful jab to the stomach. He winced in pain and grimaced. "If you two are going to hang out here, could you at least cheer!"

"Woo, Marly!" cheered Roxas, half-heartedly pumping a fist into the air.

Axel cupped his hands to his mouth and called, "Marly, you da man! Wait, he is the man, right?"

Marluxia deflected a number of blows from Larxene and yelled, "Axel, you're not allowed to talk any more!"

"Says you and what army?" yelled Axel at Marluxia.

It was at this point Xaldin entered the room, and blew the dueling two into the air, dashing at Dracula. Dracula's eyes widened as he swiftly teleported out of the way of the oncoming Xaldin Pain-Train Express.

Axel whistled. "I'm impressed, Xaldin, it's like you knew what was gonna happen!"

"I'm omniscient, don't you know?" Xaldin replied sarcastically.

"Your sarcasm is not solving this mystery!" Axel exclaimed.

MEANWHILE...

Vexen stretched out in his chair. "Maybe I should do something important...? It's my shift at the security post, right..." sluggishly, Vexen got out of his chair and meandered his way to the security station. Flipping through the channels, he noticed all the members of the Organization were away. He smiled. "Do you know what this means, readers?" he asked, looking at the camera, or where it would be were this a TV show. "It means I get to steal my copy of Legend of Zelda Master Quest back from Axel."

The author realizes that this may not seem like a big feat. The author would like to tell you that you are crazy. Axel's room was protected by three pillars of fire, a moat of lava, a hallway of fifty-four bombs- the creature from Final Fantasy- and last but not least, a raving robotic gopher. Vexen shuddered at the thought of the gopher.

He donned a fireproof suit and his big freaking shield and set into the heart of madness. He dodged past the pillars of fire, ran straight through the wall of fire after surrounding himself in a block of ice, and covered the hallway containing the bombs in a coat of ice. Vexen couldn't let himself rest, though. The gopher was next.

Vexen steeled himself for the gopher's assault and crashed into the room, shield poised in front of him to deflect any lasers he may encounter. He stepped away as the gopher burst from the ground he was standing on, and smacked it to the wall with his shield. The gopher then buried itself into the wall. Vexen frenziedly ran for the game, ducking under the gophers bursting from the wall. Eventually, one of them got him in the head, and Vexen fell to the floor a foot in front of the game. He reached for it, his eyes longingly gazing at the game. His vision was then obscured by one of Axel's gopher minions. Vexen then shot a freeze ray from his eyes. "I looked at it coldly! Geddit!" Vexen asked the author, an out-of-character grin plastered over his face. The author asserts that he got it.

Vexen then stood up- the robot gophers were honestly not that big a threat, and they merely nibbled on his fire-proof suit. Vexen brushed a few of them aside, and grabbed the game. This set off a trap. The podium with the game on it retracted in the ground and a giant boulder tumbled down to assault Vexen. Vexen yelled, "It's a trap!" and began running in a desperate plea to escape the room before the door shut with him still trapped. Vexen dived underneath the door, leaving his shield behind, but swiftly retrieving it. Vexen smiled. "That went well." He hurried back to his own room to set up his own dooms-day course to protect his game.

BACK WITH THE SEMI-IMPORTANT PLOT...

Saix wandered around the castle's catacombs, clearly lost. "Anyone there? I'm kinda lost..." He yelled. He sighed to himself. "Dammit, I knew I should have gotten that map."

He continued wandering around the crypts, completely unfazed by the scenery. He loomed in every coffin, and eventually wandered into a save room. He looked suspiciously at the glowing pinata-ball thing and shrugged, wandering out of the room. The author realizes that this was in no way important to the plot at all, and thinks getting back to the story would be best now.

TO THE IMPORTANT PLOT!

Marluxia swung his scythe straight at Larxene, who quickly dodged the blow. Larxene then punched at him with his claw, but Marluxia jumped five feet into the air to avoid the blow, landing a good five feet away from Larxene. He then conjured a blue ball of energy. "Hadouken!" yelled Marluxia, tossing the ball at Larxene.

"What! Since when were you Ryu!" shrieked Larxene, being assaulted with numerous other blasts of energy.

"Sokenzuken!" cried Marluxia, fading towards Larxene and uppercutting her in the face.

"Use quarter-circle back! It's the transformation move!" Roxas said.

Larxene fell flat on the ground, springing back to her feet and yelling, "This is not Street Fighter, dingbat!" The author was trying to type dagnabbit but word kept changing it to dingbat. Eventually the author accepted it. How he typed the actual word in the line prior to this? Blood, sweat, tears, and three casts of Holy-10.

Marluxia clearly ignored Larxene's comments, as he swiftly adopted a ridiculous pose and proceeded to slice and dice Larxene with his new scythe with all manner of fancy fighting styles, eventually placing his scythe in front of her neck and pulling it through, yelling "Kroderyuukuken!" There was no blood or anything though. This is still K+.

Axel whistled. "Nice Ultra, Marly!"

"You aren't allowed to talk!"

Larxene sprang to her feet. "Takes more than a decapitation to kill me!" she cried, leaping at Marluxia and kicking him to the ground.

"But in *Buffy The Vampire Slayer*, that was one of the ways you could kill a vampire!" cried Marluxia. The author doesn't think his watching of that needs justifying, actually.

Larxene let Marluxia get to his feet to attack her, but she deflected the blow off of her claws, letting Marluxia stumble away, as she grabbed him and tossed him into the air, tossing a raining shower of kunai at him. She continued to ward off his blows and combed him into the air. Eventually, she broke his guard, leaving him staggering.

"Look out Marluxia! She's going for the critical blow!" yelled Roxas.

Alas, it was too late. Marluxia had been struck by the initiator. Marluxia was kicked to the ground, and he was used as a springboard to jump into the air by Larxene, as she tossed a shower of thunder and kunai at him, and when she landed, tore the ground leading to him with thunder. Marluxia was knocked away.

Axel ate some more of his popcorn. "So that's one round to Marly and one to Larxene, right?"

Roxas grabbed a handful of the popcorn. "And we've already ran through two of the most important fighting series... What could we use for the third?"

As if in response, a bob-omb dropped from midair, as Marluxia sprung to his feet. He ran towards it, picked it up and tossed it at Larxene who vanished out of the way. She appeared behind Marluxia, grabbed him, kneed him in the privates a little and tossed him against the ground. Marluxia was undeterred by the ruthless attack on his privates and smacked Larxene against a wall, using his side-B move to create a shockwave- one Larxene was hit by, her punishment being the host to the vicious parasite, *Florus Mindsappus*. The scientists who named the plant were a wee bit drunk.

Larxene then used her normal-B move to toss a knife at Marluxia, one he shrugged off and continued walking towards her, opening by tossing his scythe at her, then kicked her into the scythe which was stopping in mid-air for. When she hit the scythe, she bounced back at him and he was prepared with a swift kick to the ground. The damage meters read- Marluxia- 59%, Larxene 104%. It was at this point that a smash ball appeared.

Marluxia scrambled for the smash ball, retrieving his scythe to toss it again, and sending a stream of flower petals at it. Unfortunately, Larxene sprung off of Marluxia's head to reach the smash ball. She broke it open and started glowing. She cackled maniacally. "Now, Marluxia... You will know the true meaning of power!" she cried, transforming into a vampiric form of herself. Marluxia was unimpressed.

"Lady, my final smash is me getting on my Reaper Nobody and blowing up the stage, leaving everybody to fall for ten seconds. Every single death during the time counts as my kill," Marluxia said dismissively.

"I like this form, okay!" Larxene screeched.

"Just saying, it seems kinda weak... Oh look, I talked you through your timer! You're a regular person again!" Marluxia said, laughing at his fortune/tactics.

"What! No! This is ridiculous, this is...!" Larxene screeched in agony.

Marluxia used his scythe to make her stare him in the eyes. "This is war, mongrel." The author is proud of his self-restraint- he didn't make the obvious 300 joke!

Marluxia cut her head off, leaving her to lie in dust.

Axel cheered, until he realized that this meant they needed to buy a Phoenix Down to rez her as it was his rez week.

WITH THE OTHER TWO DUELISTS...

Xaldin knocked Dracula in the air and trapped him in a makeshift cage with his spears. Dracula then teleported himself away, sending fireballs at Xaldin. Xaldin sighed. "Dracula, it's really boring to fight you when you act like you always do, you know."

"More fireballs! More teleporting! More dark orbs!"

Xaldin easily avoided each attack by walking to the side. He put a comforting hand on Dracula's shoulder, and told him, "Real-life is not in 2.5d."

Dracula bared his teeth at Xaldin. "I know that, you imbecile, monkey-head, ugly oaf!"

Xaldin looked hurt. "Dracula, just because I'm not a pretty-boy, it doesn't mean I'm ugly. I think I'm fairly manly myself." He launched spears at Dracula, who was pinned against the wall. Dracula teleported again.

Xaldin pulled the spears back to him again and sighed boredly, pulling out a stop-watch to see how long it would take him to reappear. When Xaldin got to around the eight-minute mark, Xaldin figured Dracula had ran away like a coward. Xaldin smiled.

"I believe we can call this a victory! Come gents! Let us raise a glass to this success."

Marluxia cheered, Axel muttered something about "Phoenix pot-roast" and Roxas made a sick-

face. Fun fact- Roxas is one of the few characters in this fan fiction I'm not having drink underage!

"But first, where the hell is the rest of the Organization?" asked Xaldin. He peered through the hole in the floor. "There's Xemnas. Roxas, cure spell."

Roxas raised his key blade and Xemnas sprung back to non-existence. Semnas floated his way through the floor. "Bluh. Before anyone says any heinous lies about number XII beating me in a fight, it was an AMBUSH. It was un-sportsman like," Xemnas said.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, Fezzik." Roxas said. "Where is everyone?"

Xaldin shrugged. "They could be anywhere in the castle by now. I told them to split up and kill anything that's not us."

Xemnas gasped in mock-horror. "But Xaldin! We could have killed a protagonist!"

Xaldin stifled a chuckle. "Now, I say we use portals to get back to the castle. Hope you weren't too attached to that TIE Fighter, Xemnas."

"It was a good ship."

"There there," Xaldin said in mock emotion. "Now, let's assume everyone is back at home and eating a delicious cake right now! Maybe they'll even give us some," he said, conjuring a dark portal to reach The Castle That Never Was.

And they were! It's kind of unusual, considering all the bad things that happen to them, amirite?

Chapter End

I do enjoy my somewhat obscure references. Mmhmm. I had quite a bit of fun writing this one. If you enjoyed it, review it, if you hated it, flame me for all I care. Please continue to read my fan fiction, I'm hoping to make an update schedule of Sundays and Tuesdays.

DISCLAIMER: I won nothing. Sad face.

Grey be out, dawgzz. Keep it real.

Of Bands and Booms

I began my Sunday update on a Monday night. I am proud of myself. Anywho, this is my fan fiction. If you're a new reader, I welcome you. If you're an old reader, BOOYAH, have your Sunday update on a Wednesday evening! I may even bump my update schedule ahead! Anyways, old/new readers I welcome you to

Chapter Four

Of Bands and Booms

Luxord beat on the steering wheel a little, getting vaguely interested in the music he was listening to. He had just went off on a personal vacation back to the Casino Comet- amazingly, the people there didn't notice that he was the same person as the person who rained hell on them around a week prior. Luxord cruised around the universe, looking around for anything vaguely important/pretty. He stopped by a few wormholes, saw a binary star, and marveled at the moon of the moon of Endor. Luxord paused after he flew away from Endor's moon's moon. "Wait... It couldn't be, could it?"

Luxord turned around and flew in closer- it was the remains of the Death Star! Luxord smiled and flew straight home. He might even get a raise for this!

Luxord walked into Xemnas' office while Lexeaus was in, interrupting their conversation on Lexeaus getting a raise.

"I found something awesome." Luxord pitched.

Xemnas turned in his seat. "Go on."

Luxord tossed a file on the desk and pictures of the somewhat ruined Death Star. Xemnas peered at the photos. "Is that a moon?"

"It's no moon... It's a space station!" Luxord said, folding his arms.

Xemnas opened his mouth in an 'ah.' Xemnas then burst into a smile.

Lexeaus leaned against Xemnas' wall. "Skip it. The insurance premiums on this thing look like they're going to be ugly."

"Yes, but for the sheer novelty factor of being able to explode entire worlds with a laser, I say we go for it. Lexeaus, you wanted a raise, yes?" Xemnas asked.

"I did."

Xemnas smiled. "Well, this is how you'll earn it."

MEANWHILE...

Axel sat in Roxas' easy chair. "Man, why don't we ever hang out in my room?"

"Cause you let the conflict about the game you stole consume your whole room."

Axel sat upright. "In my defense, it took Vexen 18 attempts over 4 months to get the game back."

Roxas stared at Axel. "Whoopedy freakin' do, man! Why does it matter, anyways? My room has the cool games."

"I can accept that." Axel finished the drum solo he was playing on Rock Band and smiled. "Man, we should start a band or something!"

Roxas stared at him. "I can sing, sure. You can play fake drums, sure. We need guitar and bass. Where would we find those?"

Axel snapped, an imaginary light-bulb coming on over his head. In moments, the two were at his door-step. They knocked on his door. He opened it.

"Axel, Roxas? Am I being sent on a mission with you guys?" Demyx asked.

"No, but we do have a crazy proposition for you," Axel replied.

ONE REFURNISHING LATER...

Axel had turned his room into a practice space, complete with drums, comfy furniture, not one but TWO mini-fridges, and a recording thing-a-bob. It was named such because Axel didn't honestly know what it was.

"So do either of you actually know how to play your given instruments?" Demyx asked, tuning a guitar.

Axel shrugged. "I kinda sorta learned it when I was my Other," he offered.

"I can sing." Roxas assured Demyx.

Demyx furrowed his brow. "Oh yeah? Prove it then."

Roxas began to sing.

"What would you think if I sang outta tune?

Would you stand up and walk out on me?

Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song,

And I'll try not to sing outta key."

Demyx stopped him. "Okay, you can sing. You sound like a singer, someone professional... I just can't put my finger on who."

Roxas nodded. "I get that a lot."

AT THE DEATH STAR...

Lexaeus lugged a metal plate towards the main computer. "This is stupid."

Luxord hammered it into place. "I see it as an opportunity!"

"For what?" asked Lexaeus, "breaking all of the bones in your body?"

"No, when I want that opportunity, I go baiting Sora and Riku with awful slashfic."

The author is going to get off of his preaching stool.

"I imagine that would get those two rather angry."

"It's quite wonderful, truly," Luxord assured Lexeaus. The two worked for another hour, debating unimportant things. It was then that they encountered their first trial.

"Attention, users. You must halt at once," boomed a voice from nowhere.

"Oh for the love of Zeus..." Lexeaus spat. Luxord looked at Lexeaus, confused.

"What is that, Lexeaus?" asked Luxord.

Lexeaus sighed. "That would be the MCP."

"I thought we destroyed that or something."

"It would appear there is an MCP on every disk of the security system that the company distributed."

Luxord gasped. "But on a station with this many computers..."

"Yes. We are trapped in a matrix of MCPs."

"Are you two done debating what is happening?" asked the MCP.

"Yes. We had to debate so the true dramatic impact would kick in for the readers," explained Luxord.

The author kindly requests that Luxord stops doing his job.

"Oh, make me." Luxord responded.

The author warns Luxord that he really shouldn't have done that.

Lexeaus slapped his forehead. "Look at what you've done, Luxord. Now the cosmic forces governing the universe itself want to make sure your life is a living hell."

In response, countless heartless jumped on Luxord.

"Lexeaus? A little help here, maybe?" asked Luxord, creating a barrier of cards.

Lexeaus shook his head. "Luxord, I'm demonstrating the concept of tough love. I'm hoping that you will repent for your actions against the mighty cosmic force and you'll learn a life-lesson from it all."

"You can go to hell, Lexeaus!" yelled Luxord, frantically fending off never-ending waves of heartless.

"Been there. Done that. Got bored," replied Lexeaus coolly.

Luxord shouted at the heavens, "What did I ever do to deserve this!"

The author believes Luxord knows.

"It was rhetorical!" Luxord shouted. "But, uh, I'm sorry! I guess!"

The waves of heartless instantaneously waned.

"And that takes care of problem two. Now, what about problem number one?" pondered Lexeous aloud. Luxord scanned his surroundings.

"We can use this!" he exclaimed, holding up a digitizer.

AT THE OTHER VAGUELY IMPORTANT PLOT...

"Okay, I'm ready to call us a decent band. If I had some disposable income, I might even buy our EP," Demyx said.

Axel sighed. "I still think the leads in *Fires of the Forge* would sound cooler if we had a harmonized, rhythm guitarist!"

Roxas shook his head. "What we need is bass. It sounds a little empty when Demyx takes a half-minute long guitar solo and the only thing supporting him is the drums. ...Wait, since when did we have a song called *Fires of the Forge*?" asked Roxas.

Axel pointed a stick towards him and said, "That's cause it's in my head. Get with the program, Roxas."

"Any other songs you think we need?" Roxas asked sarcastically.

"Well, I believe we should have a song called *Breaking Down*. It'd be wykkid rokk!" Axel exclaimed.

Because Roxas could not hear Axel misspell the words, Roxas simply shook his head. "Listen, we actually do need some sort of backing guitarist, and we need a name for our band. Somebody throw out some suggestions."

"I think we should call ourselves *The Nobodies*. In addition to being entirely truthful about our nature, it'd be entirely truthful about our status as a band," Demyx offered.

Axel shook his head. "We need to be called *Sir Murderous Rampage in the Ashes of October's Red-Haired Blood and the Rockabilly Machine Guns of Hatred*. It's hands-down one of the longest names for a band I've ever heard and it fits our sound."

Roxas looked at Axel quizzically. "Our sound is Metal-Punk-Emo-Rockabilly?"

"Maybe not. I'm just tossing out ideas."

"We should call ourselves *Mr. Miracle*. It plain old sounds pretentious and it has absolutely no relation to anything," Roxas suggested.

"No, no, no..." Demyx said shaking his head. "I have the perfect name..."

I LIKE LEAVING YOU AT UNIMPORTANT CLIFF-HANGERS...

Lexeous gathered his surroundings. Bizarre streams of digital energy flowed throughout the room around him. A computer terminal whirled in the corner, and a digital gate blocked the only way out of the room. Upon noticing this, Lexeous materialized his axe and simply smashed a large hole in the wall. He ushered Luxord to follow him as the two murdered their way towards the MCP.

"So, what do you think the graphics... which would translate into descriptions, I guess... for this plot segment will look like?" asked Luxord.

"Well, seeing as the drivers on this computer are from a long, long time ago..."

"Hold it. A while back, it was alluded to that Xemnas saved Darth Vader from a painful death of failing organs," Luxord said, brow furrowed.

Xaldin shrugged. "So our fan fiction is set a long, long time ago. What about it?"

"A while back it was mentioned in some pretentious narration by Zexion that his past date liked Lady Gaga and Taylor Swift," Luxord explained.

Lexaeus furrowed his own brow. "This is true. Care to explain this to us, author?"

A wizard did it.

Lexaeus nodded. "Then everything that has happened is beautiful and makes perfect sense."

The author wishes that real life could be solved in this manner.

Luxord nodded. "However, just because a wizard did it doesn't mean you can stop trying to be funny, author."

Dang it.

Lexaeus stopped the solar-surfer or whatever the hell- the author wasn't paying too much attention at this part...- and went to the platform leading towards the MCP's chambers. Long story short- the two came, they saw, they kicked the MCP's butt five ways back to Walt Disney.

Luxord wondered things about what had just happened, "Author, why was it that the MCP infecting our system spoke that strange language which was really just letters being replaced by numbers?"

The author offers that it was because Zexion was so 1337 that it seeped into his security system.

Lexaeus stifled a laugh. "I've never heard Zexion and elite in the same sentence before, forgive me."

PREPARE FOR YOUR CLIFF-HANGER SUSPENSE TO END...

Axel sighed as they stood on the stage of their first gig. "Did we actually name ourselves 'The Omnivores?'"

Demyx hissed to Axel, "Count us off!"

"We are not 'The Omnivores!' 1, 2, 3, 4!" Axel shouted.

And they played songs like awesome people. Apparently the crowd really liked them because they managed to fill up five stars with little trouble.

After the gig, the band sat backstage.

"That... went surprisingly well," Demyx said.

Roxas nodded. "The best part of writing your own stuff is that when you mess up, you can just meld it into the song."

Axel swore. "I broke three frickin' sticks during this. Three."

Demyx punched Axel's shoulder. "Lighten up. We'll getcha new ones."

The author wishes he knew how to write good music based comedy. I'm drawing a blank two segments into this. When I wrote it on a piece of paper, I thought I could get so many jokes from it! How could I fall from such great heights? Everything looked perfect from far away, but down now, they'll say...

Axel looked at the small fence of text above him. "Author, you're an idiot."

The author accepts this willingly. The author then realized that he was getting sassed by his own creation, and told Axel to shut up. Axel did. (I seriously did have this conversation with myself, what the hell is wrong with me?)

AFTER WASTING FIVE MINUTES TRYING TO THINK UP A JOKE, I'LL JUST SAY
MEANWHILE...

Lexeauss and Luxord worked with the strength of ten-thousand men. Unfortunately for them, those people were fat nerds who could barely lift a pencil. So they worked somewhat tiredly and sluggishly. Luxord wiped sweat from his brow. "Lexeauss, I tire of this. What say you to a game of chance?"

Lexeauss groaned. "Not interested."

Luxord shook his head. "Lexeauss, do you honestly expect to find something more amusing to do in this cesspit of failed villainy?"

Lexeauss opened his mouth to reply, but found himself unable. He sighed. "Deal."
Luxord dealt five cards to Lexeauss and five to himself. Lexeauss pondered the cards in his hand, and said, "Two."

Luxord gave himself one. The two flipped over their cards. Lexeauss had a Royal Flush and Luxord a plain old flush. Luxord gasped in disbelief. "But I pulled all the aces from this deck!"

Lexeauss raised his eyebrows. "Really, Luxord?"

Luxord smiled. "In truth it was a plot to see how long it'd take before Demyx would notice I had pulled them. I've been found out, I'm afraid. Don't tell him, please."

"To be honest, I find his pain somewhat amusing."

"Glad we agree."

I THOUGHT OF A JOKE SO WE'RE SWITCHING PLOTS...

Zexion stumbled into Axel's room while the band was rehearsing their epic masterpiece of rokk-*The Fifth Dawn in Winter*. He kneeled before the trio. "I need you guys' help," he sputtered.

"Did Xion reject you again?" Axel asked, looking at Zexion's crumpled form on the floor.

Zexion looked to the left. "Maybe. But I have a fool-proof plan!"

Axel nodded. "I'm guessing a mash-up of Journey's *Don't Stop Believing* and Jason Mraz's *I'm Yours*. Perhaps even Elton John's *Can You Feel The Love Tonight*?"

Zexion stared straight at Axel. "How'd you know?"

"Whoa, you're serious? I just pulled all the corniest love songs I could off of the top of my head!" Axel explained, holding a laugh back.

Zexion whimpered. "So... you won't do it?"

Demyx sighed. "I'm in."

Axel stared at Demyx. "Are you serious?"

"Sure. I'll explain, but it'll require dipping into my Other's history, which, as evidenced by two chapters ago, will be rather painful. In essence- Other likes girl. Didn't have the guts to go for it. Began impersonating David Bowie and fell into depression. Hence the hairstyle."

Axel sighed. "While I kinda think you're hilarious, I'll do it because I don't want you to run around impersonating David Bowie."

Roxas nodded. "I'll do it too."

Zexion stared at Roxas. "I appreciate the help, but I'd be the one singing."

Roxas smirked. "For any decent four-chord song, you need keyboard."

SOME TIME LATER...

Zexion knocked on Xion's door. "Xion, I think I've become the person you deserve."

Axel nodded. "We are a name that doesn't suck! 1, 2, 3, 4!"

Roxas hit the keys in an order that made wonderful music along the tune of *Don't Stop Believing*.

Zexion sang in a decently tuneful way, "*Just a small-town girl!*

Livin' in a loooooonely world!

She took the midnight train going anywhere!"

The song paused for a meaningful interlude of piano.

"Just a city booooooy!

Born and raised in South Detroooooit!

Tooke the midnight train going anywhere!"

The song kept going in the exact same way as Zexion sang,

"em>I won't hesitate

No more, no more

It cannot wait

I'm yooooours."

The song continued in the same manner, as Zexion continued singing.

"And caaaaaaaaaaan you feeeeel the love toniiiiight?"

The song continued in the exact same manner, as Zexion started singing,

"Don't stop! Believing!"

Hold on to that feeeeeeling!

Street-light!

PeopllllllllllllllllllllllLE!" The song then abruptly ended.

Axel patted himself on the back. "That was a good, basic and boring rock beat, Axel. Credit to team."

Demyx craned his head back. "Try playing the same damn four chords over and over again! I started arpeggiating them mid-way through to stop myself from getting bored!"

Zexion stared at Demyx. "Is arpeggiating like aggroing?"

Xion stared at Zexion. "I'll go out with you, sure."

Roxas smirked. "The nerd gets the girl! Good goin', broski."

Zexion smiled. "Thank you guys. You guys deserve platinum records."

Demyx received a text. He fished out his cell phone. "Our EP just went silver. I think that's good enough."

AND THEN ROXAS WOKE UP AND IT WAS ALL A DREAM LOL

(Just kidding)

WITH THE OTHER MORE FUN TO WRITE PLOT...

Lexexus lugged yet another piece of scrap metal to reinforce the sphere. "I think we've managed to finally get the basic sphere shape!"

"I am so happy right now," Luxord said, fine-tuning the circuitry of the Central Computer Core.

A radar began pinging. "We're being messaged. It's from a guy named... A. Melvin?"

"A. Melvin? Who the hell is that?" Lexexus asked, walking over to Luxord at the radar.

As if to answer, a humongous loudspeaker in space informed them, "I AM A. MELVIN. SURRENDER THE DEATH STAR AT ONCE."

Lexexus sighed. "Author, is he saying something? I can't tell over the vacuum of frickin' space."

Luxord smirked. "Because in space, no one can hear your crappy plot points."

The light that said, 'You are being boarded, have a nice day' turned on. Lexexus swore and ran towards the threat, Luxord running swiftly after.

For no adequately explored reason, something exploded behind them as they ran from it in slow motion, cloaks billowing in the explosive blast, hair streaming behind them in an aweso- oh wait these are the Organization members *without* froofy hair. Apologies.

A. Melvin broke out the loudspeaker now. "PREPARE TO BOW TO YOUR DIGITAL RULER!"

The Dynamic Duo entered the room which A. Melvin had boarded. They saw the man himself- a

person with glasses, somewhat short, spiked blonde hair, a non-muscular physique, and a shirt for *The Decembrists*.

"This is the evil mastermind behind the operation, huh?" Lexeous asked.

A. Melvin shrugged. "The author forgot to mention my über powered Dëth-Watch 3.6K," he said, holding the watch up for the duo to see.

"Yes, in that bit of description he did forget that!" Lexeous said, shaking a little.

Luxord cast a glance towards his brawny companion. "It's a watch," he said, confused.

"Luxord. Let me tell you a story."

FLASHBACK!

Once upon a time, there was an agent, Lames Fonda, 002. He was a pretty cool guy, thwarted villains and didn't afraid of anything. Until the fateful day when he was sent against Dr. Maybe.

"Dr. Maybe! Your plot to de-motivate the entire world by removing all the puppies is going to fail, thanks to me!" cried Lames Fonda.

Dr. Maybe smiled a wicked smile. "Maybe!" he cackled, holding up his Dëth-Watch 3.4K. "Or maybe not!"

Lames gasped in horror as he was mutilated by robot bats.

And that is why Twilight Town has no animals in it!

END FLASHBACK!

Luxord widened his eyes. "That is a considerably bad thing."

"Civilizations have risen and FALLEN due to that thing! And that was before it got the software patch that allowed it to MELT PEOPLE'S MINDS! Not to mention it keeps the time perfectly to a MILLISECOND!" yelled Lexeous on the verge of hyper-ventilating. "So FORGIVE ME if I'm feeling a bit FRIGHTENED!"

Luxord nodded. "What we need here is a plan."

"Run?" offered Lexeous.

"Run indeed."

The Dynamic Duo ran like scared little girls.

A. Melvin cackled maniacally, managed to choke a little, coughed and was then generally uncomfortable. "Ehm..." he said, awkwardly. "Minions, go beat those two down."

"But sir, why don't you just blow up this entire space station?"

"You see, random minion number..." he checked the minion's number plate, "...492.3, I seek to make this my base. A portable home with which I can fly around the entire galaxy, and make it my oyster." He looked out at space. "Ah, isn't it a truly beautiful view of nothingness?"

Random minion number 2048.12 threw off his helmet to reveal it to be Larxene. "The one from our castle is better," she said, fading to behind A. Melvin and breaking his watch. A. Melvin

swore extremely loudly, causing Luxord and Lexeus to see what had happened to make him yell so loud. Luxord broke into a grin and Lexeus folded his arms, pleased.

"Good timing, number XII," Lexeus said.

Larxene shrugged. "I'm only doing this because Xemnas says I'll move up in the pay-scale if I saved your butts."

Lexus nodded. "I hear you."

Luxord tossed cards, attacking the minions that were now more than readily apparent. A. Melvin frantically shouted orders, as he got away in a docked TIE fighter.

"He's getting away!" Luxord shouted.

Lexus kicked away a minion who was holding onto him, slammed the other one with his axe and leapt heroically into a TIE fighter of his own.

Lexus sped up to try to reach A. Melvin, who was navigating the crevice in the middle of the Death Star. Lexus smirked upon seeing this- A. Melvin was so clearly looking for the thermal exhaust port.

Lexus headed back into the bay. The minions were neutralized.

"Is A. Melvin taken care of?" asked Luxord.

Lexus grinned. "I had to let him see what he's going to see."

WITH A. MELVIN...

"*The hazards of looo- WHAT!*" he yelled, upon seeing the thermal exhaust port covered by a titanium crate and a note that read, 'nice try, did you really think we'd fall for this?'

WITH THE TERRIFYING TRIO...

Lexus smiled. "You smell that, man and woman?"

"That's the smell of victory," Lexus said, planting his axe in the ground.

Luxord sniffed. "I smell fire. Do you think the random explosion behind us might have been bad?"

Lexus sniffed the air. "That... is a possibility."

The trio ran like hell towards the engine room.

"Quickly, mend it or something!" Lexus exclaimed.

Luxord shook his head. "This is beyond my ken, Lexus!"

Larxene swore. "Why the hell am I even here, I don't know how to fix boilers!"

"Speaking of which, why the hell are you even ALIVE?" Luxord shouted.

Larxene shot a glance at Luxord. "Status quo is God, okay? Now, boiler! Problem!"

Luxord sat down. "There's no point."

Larxene stared at Luxord. "Of course there is, we get a wykkid sweet ride."

"You just said, status quo is God. We were doomed to failure at the start. Let's get back to The World That Never Was before we die of explosion."

Lexexus hammered the metal back into place. "Fixed! Hurray for duct tape."

"Wow, didn't see that one coming."

"Let's hope something zany doesn't happen when we drive it back to the castle," Larxene said.

The trio drove it back home, stopping to shoot the ever-loving crap out of Monstro because his innards make no sense.

THE WORLD THAT NEVER WAS...

Axel looked up. "Holy crap, Darth Vader has come to kill us."

Roxas shook his head. "Darth Vader and Xemnas are close personal friends. I doubt Darth Vader would blow us up."

The lasers charged.

Roxas gulped. "Then again, maybe he would."

The lasers shot at Monstro one more time, killing the damn thing.

Demyx looked up. "That is so our tour bus."

Chapter End

I would write more, but with that line at the end, do I really need to?

DISCLAIMER: I do not own a thing. I am crushed by my own worthlessness.

Grey be out, dawgzz. Cya all on the flipside.

This Gets Heavy

I am starting the writing of this chapter as of 6/29/10. I am not going to upload it until 7/6/10. Possibly. Why? Because I have a buffer now. Or I did, anyways.

ALSO I DIDN'T NOTICE IT WAS SUNDAY

I WAS ON VACATION SORREH

For all you out there, I would like to solemnly offer you...

Chapter Five

This Chapter Gets Heavy

Sora looked up at the pit's edge. The current number of fan girls in the pit was 308,188 but they were amused by Riku's seminar on how to properly portray his character in fan fiction. Sora attempted to climb up the wall of the pit and found it was slick as all get out. There was an observation tier about 30 feet up- a good 24 feet out of Sora's grasp. The end of the pit was another 80 feet up- 110 feet in total. In other words? It'd take a miracle and a half to get Sora out of his own personal hell.

Riku then gave his final piece of advice, "And my last piece of advice? I'm not gay, and if I was it'd be for Ewan MacGregor!"

You- fan girl? Kindly close your word processor and stop writing your Moulin Rouge and Kingdom Hearts- actually, that sounds vaguely awesome, go right ahead.

Riku walked over to Sora. "Your turn to entertain the masses," he said, jerking a thumb in the legion o' fan girls' direction.

"I'm going to give you the speech I gave Riku when he was possessed by Ansem, cause I'm not the greatest improv speaker," said Sora.

Riku muttered, "Sure, bring up the worst year of my life... Aside from 7th grade."

On the observation tier, a dark figure was watching the two and their tamed fans. "An interesting turn of events... The boy has the power to instill calmness in others..."

Saïx warped in beside the cloaked figure. "Who are you?"

"You," replied the cloaked figure, retreating.

Saïx paused. "...I sound like that?"

ELSEWHERE IN THE CASTLE...

Marluxia watered his flowers, humming a show tune to himself, a corny smile plastered over his face. "*You're never fully dressed, without a smiiiiile!*"

The dark figure appeared inside his room. Marluxia turned around. "Why, hello there! How are you?"

"I wear this outfit to instill fear in the hearts of my enemies! Doesn't anyone get frightened in this

world?"

"The author merely described you as a 'dark figure.' Hardly threatening." Marluxia explained.
"Some tea?"

The dark figure slumped in one of Marluxia's chairs. "If only to hide my shame."

Marluxia poured some of the most fruity and exotic tea he could find, set out a plate of scones and ushered the guest to his seat.

The hooded figure took a sip of the tea. It was actually really good. Marluxia had good taste. "Not bad, flowers."

Marluxia let out an effeminate giggle. "Thanky, stranger. What brings you to our castle?"

"Well, I need to steal some dat- You wouldn't happen to know where the Central Computer Core is, would you?" asked the dark figure.

"Yeah, it's down the hall, to the right, past the cavern o' death and then on a shiny pedestal. Why do you ask?" Marluxia recalled.

The hooded figure smiled. "Because you're an idiot," he shouted, flipping over the table. Hot tea splashed in Marluxia's face as he fell over. This triggered a change in Marluxia. His once happy-go-lucky smile became a downright satanic grin of evil. Marluxia pushed the table off from on top of him and summoned his scythe to him, a wall of thorns sprouting to block the dark figure's exit.

"But... you looked like you wouldn't be able to do a thing about me going!" shouted the dark figure.

"Not today!" shouted Marluxia, tossing his scythe at the figure, tattering the threads of the cloak to reveal it to be Leon, of the Hollow Bastion Restoration Committee. Marluxia gasped, then pinned him to the wall with vines. Leon broke free of the somewhat flimsy constraints and shouted, "Lionheart!"

Marluxia barely had time to widen his eyes before he was knocked clean away by the über powered blade. Marluxia's vision grew blacker and blacker as he saw Leon cut the thorns leading away from his room.

IN THE PIT...

"Sora!" shouted a girl's voice. Sora looked up at where it came from and saw Kairi tossing a rope down.

"Sorry ladies, but I've got to go!" Sora shouted, grabbing onto the rope and swinging up. Riku simply jumped all the way up to the observation deck and the trio broke a hole in the wall and hopped in a gummi ship and RAN THE HELL AWAY.

IN SAÏX'S ROOM...

Saïx peered out at the moon, as Leon entered his room. "That twit gave me the wrong directions!" Leon spat. He attempted to leave, but Saïx was too quick, sealing the door closed with a wave of his hand.

"We can always use another heartless... And I shudder to think of how strong your Nobody will be!" Saïx cackled. Leon shook his head.

"You're the one who's going to die today, Saïx!" Leon yelled, brandishing his gun blade, poised for an epic fight.

The two dashed towards each other, gun blade and claymore meeting in an epic lock.

"You can never win, Saïx!" Leon hissed, pushing Saïx away from him and firing off a barrage of magic.

"But I can! That's the thing, you see!" Saïx responded, chaining together hits as one would chain together... chain... able... things...

Leon jumped into the air, spun around creating a circle with his gun blade and smote Saïx to the ground. Saïx flew down, and Leon ran up to him, stabbing him many times with his gun blade, causing a bravery break. Saïx spat. "Meddlesome FOOL! You know not what you're toying with!"

"I know exactly what I'm toying with, Nobody!" Leon shouted, summoning a large pillar of fire to his gun blade, slamming it down on the ground. Saïx barely dodged the blow.

Saïx recovered from break, saw the flash of an EX core and grabbed it, filling his EX gauge to maximum. Saïx ran at Leon, allowing himself to be hit a little before he activated his EX mode, Berserker's Rage.

Saïx slammed Leon everywhere at once with his claymore, finally tossing a moon at him to activate his EX burst. Saïx proceeded to circle Leon, cloning himself each time, until eight Saïxes (Saïi?) surrounded Leon. Each of them tore straight through Leon, who still got up.

"But that's impossible!" Saïx shouted.

Leon smirked. "Last chance!" Leon then stepped back and tore through Saïx at the speed of light, knocking him away. Leon then drew a White Mage and cured himself of all wounds. Saïx was down for the count, as Leon kicked through his glass window and jumped down.

He found himself in the cavern Marluxia was talking about. After briefly wondering why they would put the most valuable part of the entire castle in a berserker's room, he went to grab the CCC. He grabbed it, and hesitated, waiting for a trap. Leon, upon seeing nothing happen, shrugged and accepted that the Organization was an incompetent team- a super-powered incompetent team, but incompetent nonetheless.

IN THE ORGANIZATION'S MEETING ROOM...

"This, gentlemen, is what we'd call a FAILURE!" Xemnas spat, calm until the last word. "I thought we were POWERFUL close to the darkness, yet we were walked over by a weakling shell!"

Saïx opened his mouth to argue, but was silenced by Xemnas' rageful shouts. "Why didn't you call for HELP! We got those systems installed for a reason!"

Marluxia put in a word. "I was critically hit. There wasn't much I could do!"

Xemnas nodded. "And what's YOUR excuse?" he yelled at Saïx.

Saïx looked unrepentant. "I believed I could end the threat."

"But you didn't!" shouted Xemnas.

"I failed to notice he had a Phoenix Down on him," Saïx muttered.

"'No legacy is so rich as honesty...' All's Well That Ends Well, act III, scene V, Mariana," Luxord recalled.

Axel stared a hole into Luxord's forehead. "Are you going to quote things like a pretentious prick at any given opportunity?"

"No," Luxord responded.

Axel sighed in relief. "Good."

"Only some of the possible opportunities," Luxord replied smugly.

Axel spat a curse.

Xemnas hammered his gavel. "Order in my meeting room!" He calmed himself a little. "Now, what are we going to do with our two problems?"

Demyx furrowed his brow. "Hold it. I only have the one problem, our CCC was taken. That's one. What's the other?"

Xemnas paused for dramatic emphasis. "Riku and Sora have gone missing."

Xaldin shrugged. "Is that truly a problem? They'll lead themselves eventually in."

"Yes, but..."

Xaldin cut Xemnas off. "But what? It's not a problem, Xemnas. Now, Vexen, how's your latest invention coming along?"

Silence swept the room. "Vexen?" Xaldin asked again.

Zexion scanned the table. "Not present, the man."

"I honestly should expect more of him, but I honestly can't," Xaldin commented. "Now! To address threat one, we send in Demyx and Marluxia. They will be armed with the MacGuffin-erm, Servitude Collar back from chapter one to bind one of our enemies to our service. This should eliminate the need for the Pit and therefore reduce our expenses by roughly 209,000 munny."

Demyx raised an eyebrow. "Me? And Marluxia?"

"Yes. You because you do so little in this Organization and I'm fairly sure you're not trying in the slightest, and Marluxia to repent for his failures."

"Then why not Saïx?"

"Because the author hates typing 'i.'"

The author really does hate it. It gets tiring to have to press control-v every freaking time.

"Anyhow, do we get any sort of special training or anything to head into this?" Demyx asked, kicking a foot onto the conference table.

Xaldin dismissed the rest of the Organization and explained, "You two are actually the best suited for the mission I've in mind."

Demyx looked un-persuaded. "I control water and he controls plants. And occasionally, he slips out of character making him absolutely useless."

"Well, I made that last part up. But I'm sure you'll think of something!" replied Xaldin, creating a dark portal and blowing the duo through.

"Oof!" the two grunted in unison when they slammed onto the ground where Sora would face off 1,000 Heartless with little trouble, due to the spamming of the Triangle button.

"This is great. I had some great tunes in mind until I was stuck on a MISSION, with a downright useless member of the Organization!" shouted Demyx to the skies. "Why, Gods, do you hate me so!"

Marluxia looked at Demyx, hurt. "You think I'm useless?"

"Aw, Marluxia, you know I didn't mean it like that!" Demyx said guiltily.

"But you said I was useless!" Marluxia protested, bottom lip stuck out in a poutish display.

Demyx sighed. "I'm sorry. I guess."

Marluxia hugged Demyx as he sat against the valley wall. "Yayz!"

Demyx spurned Marluxia's arms and shoved him away a little, standing up and moving towards the castle itself.

Marluxia slipped into character, and took long strides next to Demyx, pulling his hood on. "What's the plan?"

"Xaldin was right in some respect- I can say honestly that electricity and water do not mix!" Demyx said, bouncing into the room with the computer containing the Space Paranoids. Demyx conjured water and broke their computer via short circuiting it. Demyx flexed. "Master Waterbender, right here!"

"What in tarnation?" Cid mumbled, wandering into the room, only to see Demyx, who winced at the sight of the mechanic.

"Ooh, I think I'm busted," Demyx replied, mock guilty.

Marluxia then appeared behind Cid and suplexed him. "Demyx, when would I ever allow harm to fall upon you?"

Demyx stared a hole in Marluxia's eyes. "How about every day of the week?"

"Probably. Now let's find a locker to stuff this body in," Marluxia grunted, slinging the body over his back. The two stuffed Cid's body in a conveniently located locker and moved through the passages undeterred, until the two met Tifa.

"Who are you two?" asked the boxer-type person.

"Marluxia, I was under the impression you were hanging out on the ceiling and making sure to suplex anyone who may happen to see us?" Demyx muttered with a sideways glance at his partner.

"I don't really care about the fate of this world, I just have a co-dependent crush on Cloud and need to find him. HAVE YOU SEEN HIM PLEASE TELL ME WHERE CLOUD IS"

Demyx backed away from Tifa, brandishing his sitar and strumming a little to ward her off. While he did this, Marluxia vanished and knocked out Tifa. Demyx sighed.

"Why is it that we only knock people out?" Demyx asked.

Marluxia shrugged. "Status Quo is God?"

The two continued a bit more stealthy through the castle, eventually arriving at the rising falls.

Demyx paused. "Wait! We haven't had the heroic unveiling of our plan accompanied by brass pumping out many chords!"

"That was the most awkwardly read sentence I have EVER heard," said Marluxia.

"Anyhow!" Demyx said, laying down a map and pointing towards where they were. "We are here! The rising falls." -it was at this point a brass band had appeared magically behind the pair- "It's the perfect vantage point for us to get to here!" he shouted, pointing in the town. "We will enter at 7 PM, and we will split up. We're both equivalent to a player character, so by ingenuity and sheer dumb luck, we'll be able to infiltrate and take down the two kingpins- Aerith, in this house and Leon in this house."

"Kingpins? Mobster kingpins?" said Marluxia, trying to arrange the pieces.

"Lynchpins?" Demyx said, apparently unsure of what he had said himself. "Important people!"

"One problem- Leon has already fought me and won. How do we know that this time will be different?" Marluxia asked, "And the Organization already knows your strength. How do you expect to beat Aerith?"

"Simple! Water Clones!" Demyx replied triumphantly. As much as anyone in the Organization hated to admit it, the Water Clones were an incredibly powerful source.

Marluxia nodded hesitantly, (The author discovered adverbs, look out world) and said, "In essence, it seems like it will work. What after that?"

The brass section that magically appeared behind the duo began to build to a climax. "After that, we will head into the inner sanctum of the Hollow Bastion restoration committee and steal back our CCC- the sanctum?" Demyx asked to a non-existent audience. He held his finger up and exclaimed, "THIS HOUSE RIGHT HERE!" pointing dramatically to the house in question. Marluxia stared at Demyx. "You're kidding, pray tell."

Demyx shook his head enthusiastically. "Nope! We're going to get in so damn easy."

Marluxia went back in time and muffled Demyx's mouth before he could say those words. "Do not say those words. You will jinx us. I do not like being jinxed!" Marluxia hissed. Demyx nodded nervously.

"A-anyhow!" Demyx stuttered, confidence shaken by Marluxia's venom. "Let's hop to it!"

Marluxia cast Demyx an enraged glance before heading to his destination. Demyx nervously pulled his hood over his hair and sprinted towards his destination, Aerith's house. He ducked into alleys, and clonked anyone who threatened to compromise the security of his mission. The sheer quantity of unconscious bodies in the dumpster on Broadway was a little shocking- clearly Demyx wasn't the best spy.

He kicked down the door leading to Aerith's house. Aerith was cooking at the time, and she gasped at the sight of Demyx. She drew her staff from her back and shot fire at Demyx, fire he could barely dodge. Demyx hurdled his way over some fire and deflected the rest with his sitar. The fire singed some of the strings of his sitar. Demyx growled angrily.

"I'm going to tear you apart, even if you are a girl!" Demyx snarled, strumming furiously to create large numbers of Water Clones. "Or I can set my minions on you- either way I'll win." Demyx even summoned a number of Dancers to aid him. In unison, Demyx and his Dancers broke into Thriller, dealing lots of damage to all enemies on the screen- in this case, Aerith. Aerith couldn't handle the combined assault of the Water Clones, the Dancers, and the stunningly well-choreographed dance number, and fell to Demyx.

Demyx pumped a fist in the air. "Booyah!" he grinned wild-eyed and dismissed all his minions- which now included a number of zombies. Demyx slithered out of Aerith's house and headed towards Leon's house.

WITH THE OTHER INTREPID HERO...

Marluxia sauntered through the realm of darkness and summoned a dark portal in Leon's home. Leon entered the room which Marluxia had just appeared in and promptly dropped his tea. "Marluxia! I knew I should've destroyed you!"

Marluxia grinned, a wild fire burning in his eyes. (Not literally of course, that would be rather painful.) "You may have taken me by surprise last time... but this time, you. Shall. Fall," Marluxia roared, enunciating each word for full dramatic impact.

Leon shot a barrage of magic at Marluxia, then cast Triple on himself. Suddenly, Leon was moving three times as fast, and Marluxia could barely ward off the SeeD's blows. Eventually, Marluxia thrust his weapon forward to block one of Leon's slashes and he got lucky, his opponent stumbling backwards- though his luck was literally short-lived, considering he got up three times as fast. Eventually, Marluxia's feet were swept from under him, and Squall dropped from the ceiling to end Marluxia. Marluxia raised his hands to attempt to block Squall, when Squall was blasted away by a D minor chord. Demyx offered a hand to Marluxia, one the pink-haired Nobody readily took. Marluxia and Demyx put their backs to each other, trying to eliminate as many weak areas as they could. The black blur swept quickly towards Demyx's feet, but Demyx hopped the blow, stepping on Leon's Gunblade. This tripped him just as easily as if he hadn't dodged the blow, save for the fact that he had shins.

Marluxia guarded the fallen Nobody's body as Demyx got up, only to be knocked over again. A laugh came from everywhere at once. The two scanned their surroundings. As the black blur headed towards the duo, Demyx blasted an arpeggio at the form, stunning the Gunblade wielding youth. Marluxia took the opportunity to slice at the person with a Disruptive Slash, breaking him of all buffs he may have had. Squall smirked, breaking free of the stun. "Nice try, Pinky. I drew 99 of these from some items I found lying around."

Demyx opened his mouth in an 'O.' "You're kidding me! That is the most idiotic system for magic ever!"

"Demyx! Every time he casts the spell, he gets a little slower!" Marluxia shouted, barely parrying a blow from the speedy Gunblader. "He must have junctioned Triple to his speed!"

"That doesn't really matter! I scanned him and the scan said he had 99 Doubles, too!" Demyx yelled, "It also said he junctioned Poison to his weapon!"

"Poison?" Marluxia asked, casting a brief glance in Demyx's direction- sadly just enough time for

Leon to hit him in the face. Marluxia grimaced.

"That poison. Right," Marluxia said, feeling it infect his system. He was then doused in water and felt instantly better.

Demyx nodded at Marluxia and the two turned back to back once more, Demyx strumming a number of chords in a dire attempt to render Squall's speedy assaults useless. Squall reluctantly appeared before Marluxia and began a frontal assault, but Marluxia was too quick. He blocked Squall's blow with the shaft- "Shaft!" sang the skeleton choir from chapter 3- of his scythe and sliced Leon across the chest with another Disruptive Slash. This time, Demyx tackled the weakened Leon to the ground and beat him over the head with his Sitar.

"This is for having bad game mechanics!" yelled Demyx, whacking Leon another time. The not-Squall fell unconscious, and the two admired their work and the long and unfunny paragraphs above them. "It was decently well-written," offered Demyx unenthusiastically, walking out of the room.

Marluxia stared at the paragraphs above him. "Isn't he called Squall?"

The two walked out of the house which was now on the verge of collapsing from the bloody brawl. (Alliteration bonus! +2 XP! Author gained a level!) They entered the room which served as the Restoration Committee's headquarters- a one room house with lots of books and one Yuffie, whom they easily destroyed- she, unlike Leon, hadn't been in the active party every day of the week. They grabbed the CCC and moved along. "That seemed too easy." Demyx muttered. Marluxia slapped his hand to his forehead. He stared at Demyx and pondered exactly why he was so idiotic.

"Do you have *any* idea what you just did?" Marluxia asked the other Nobody furiously.

"Said that things couldn't POSSIBLY get any better for us!" Demyx said excitedly and nonchalantly.

At this point, the whole Hollow Bastion Restoration Committee burst through a wall and struck a pose as a team.

Marluxia was ready to explode at Demyx, and then he slipped out of character.

"Look at all the shiny swords!" Marluxia squealed.

Demyx stared down the entire team and broke into tears. "I can only blame my she-hel-heeeeeeelf!" he wailed.

Leon stared the sobbing Nobody down. "You have no heart."

"Such misfortune makes me... sniff... feel like... sniff... I have a heart..."

Leon stared at his companions. "Is it just me or does it feel uncharitable to take him down right now?"

Aerith bit her lip. "A Nobody that's slain is better than a Nobody that's around," she admitted.

Demyx smirked. "Gotcha!" he shouted, summoning a legion of Dancers to his side. The Restoration Committee stared down the legions and scoffed. They nodded and muttered something at their wrists- an order for them to "Stay on target," whatever this meant.

What it meant was a flash of steel and the legion of Dancers all disappearing at once. Demyx

swore and looked at the figure, Sora. Sora proceeded to walk towards Demyx, eyes glowing red.

"Um, Sora, when I observed you in the Pit, you didn't have freakish... glowie... eyes," Demyx stuttered, backing away.

Sora planted his Keyblade in the ground and said, "To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

Leon cast a glance at Aerith. "What... were Sora's symptoms?"

"When he got out of the Pit, he crash-landed on a world called Shibuya or something. Apparently he picked up some pins that he thought were cool," Aerith explained.

Sora ruthlessly sliced at Demyx, uprooting his Keyblade. Demyx moved his sitar to block the hits that Sora was sending his way. He couldn't hold them all off, and he eventually fell to the ground. Sora stuck a pin onto Demyx's cloak.

Aerith stared at what had just happened. "I'm sorry, but... What on Hollow Bastion just happened?" she asked.

"I think..."

Demyx's eyes glowed red. "To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

"That just happened," said Squall, knowing that everything was about to get heavy.

Marluxia stood and stared at what had just happened. "Look at the pins! They're so preeeetty! They look so amaaaaazing!" Demyx pinned one onto Marluxia.

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..." Marluxia droned.

Leon swore. "What is this devilry!" he yelled.

Sora slashed at the team, and knocked them over one by one. He pinned them all and then put pins on them. (Alliteration bonus?)

Aerith blasted Sora with holy light and teleported away, because she is a white mage and she can teleport.

AT THE CASTLE THAT NEVER WAS...

Aerith staggered into the room where the Organization was VERY CONVENIENTLY having a conference. "I have bad news..." she moaned.

"Damn right you have bad news, you're in our castle!" growled Axel.

Xemnas slammed the file he was referring to on the table and roared, "Meaning our security has FAILED, YET AGAIN!"

"Please!" Aerith pleaded, "You must listen!"

Xaldin slammed his fist on the table. "There is nothing you are going to say!" shouted Xaldin. "To the pit with her!"

"Wait," Roxas said suddenly, "Where are our comrades?"

Aerith struggled against Lexaeus' upper-arm grab, and shouted, "That's what I'm trying to tell you!"

"What of our comrades?" asked Xaldin, suddenly alert. Say what you will about the Organization, they, at the very least, cared for their own. Aside from Larxene.

"The pins... They take someone's conscious thoughts and render it meaningless!" she shouted, "Anyone is susceptible! They've already taken Demyx and Marluxia, and they have Sora, and Leon, and the rest of the Restoration Committee!"

"Crazy! I could've sworn I've seen this plot before!" muttered Zexion to Xion.

Xion punched Zexion's shoulder friendly-like. "Question, guys... Isn't this... a little dark for a fanfic with the main genre as humor?"

Xemnas bit his lip. "Unimportant. I'm sure they won't have created a massive army and attempted to have destroy our castle by now," he said.

The exact thing Xemnas described just happened. Xaldin slapped his hand to his face. "Nice job, idiot."

To be continued...

(Right now)

"Xion, I want you to know that I love you before I become part of the machine," Zexion said, staring intensely into Xion's eyes.

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..." droned the entire army.

"Oh, would you shut up!" yelled Xion, "We're trying to have a moment here!"

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

Zexion's eyes darted to Xion. He gulped. "Xion..."

"Let's go down fighting!" she cried, leaping at one of the brainwashed.

Zexion slammed one with his book and opened it at another, releasing a beast WHICH ATE THAT PERSON'S BRAINS.

ELSEWHERE...

Roxas and Axel stood back to back. "I'm not sure if we can survive this one," Roxas said.

"We'll go down with a fight," he yelled, slamming himself at one, launching the body at the rest of the possessed.

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

Roxas launched himself through the crowds, fighting his way across the enemies.

ELSEWHERE...

Xaldin jumped into the air where he met a flying Xemnas. "How are you holding up, Superior?" asked Xaldin.

Xemnas sighed. "Do you have ANY idea how hard it'll be to find a contractor to repair all this?" he asked, launching a barrage of lasers at a group of them. Xaldin shrugged, leaping down and skewering one.

"I'm sure at least one of these people is LE and is a sub-contractor," he replied, dropping onto another.

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

ELSEWHERE...

Larxene threw a barrage of kunai at the onslaught, and leapt on to the ground where Lexeaus was sweeping his axe. Lexeaus regarded Larxene's presence with a grunt.

Larxene looked insulted, and mocked, "Do I only warrant a grunt from our resident muscle head?"

Lexeaus shook the entire planet around him. "You warrant but that much because I was focusing," he grunted, stepping to land a coup-de-grace on a possessed man.

ELSE- "To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..." -WHERE...

Xigbar showered the entire horde with bolts from his guns but found himself unable to make any meaningful dent in the group. He still picked them off as they entered.

ELSEWHERE...

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

Aerith ran around frantically, tossing a cure spell to anyone who looked even moderately injured. Xemnas landed close to her and sliced through a mob of enemies that appeared close to them.

"You aren't too bad at what you do, Aerith," Xemnas said, tossing lasers left and right to ward off enemies.

"Thank you," she replied curtly, healing him a little.

Xemnas launched into a proposal, "What say you we add you to the Organization? You'd fit in quite well with us I'm sure."

Aerith slapped him in the face, cured his wound and then slapped him again.

Xemnas shook his head to alleviate the dizziness. "I'm guessing that's a no."

ELSEWHERE...

Luxord launched a bevy of cards everywhere around him and smirked. "'We will now discuss in a little more detail the Struggle for Existence!'" remarked Luxord to nobody in particular. "Chapter III of Darwin's epic, 'The Origin of Species.'"

Saïx rolled to Luxord's side and launched a moon at the horde to little effect- they were still everywhere and constantly swarming forward.

The Organization all converged in a corner. "There are far too many of them and we've all gotten our own brief moment to have the perspective focus on us!" yelled Xaldin.

"I haven't!" shouted Vexen angrily.

Xigbar nodded. "Yep, all of us have!"

"Am I even here!" yelled Vexen, spitting in rage.

Xemnas charged once more towards the horde. "Organization XIII! Charge!"

Vexen tossed his shield over his shoulder and meandered lazily to his lab. "Screw this, I'm gonna go play Pac-Man," he muttered, walking through the horde which didn't even mind him.

With our significant characters- "I heard that!" yelled Vexen, shaking a fist at the perspective- things were not going too well, in fact going the exact opposite. They were being closed in on, and they were struggling to keep the enemies away.

"Xaldin! Larxene! We need a storm!"

The two nodded and did not-Waterbending to create a storm which frazzled their enemies, but more still took their place.

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

"There's no way we can do it!" sighed Xion. Zexion looked at the horde, and resigned himself to his fate and took Xion in his arms.

"Xion..." Zexion muttered, holding her tightly.

"...So you really like Twilight?" she asked playfully.

Zexion sighed and flicked the strand of hair away from his eyes. "Now is really not the time..."

A figure appeared over the hordes and smiled. "I am Megumi. I have orchestrated this entire plan," said the figure from The World Ends With You who had (spoilers for TWEWY) been the big bad for the entire game and attempted to throw the entirety of Shibuya out of whack by possessing everyone with pins called the Red Skull Pins, which had now been transferred somehow to the Kingdom Hearts-verse. The author, satisfied with his long run-on sentence, now moves to type chapter six. AUTHOR AWAY!

Larxene looked at her compatriots and let out a cackle. Xaldin stared at her incredulously. "Is this really the time for-"

"To right the countless wrongs of our days, we shine this light of true redemption, so that this may become a paradise... Oh, what a wonderful world such would be..."

"OH SHUT UP!" bellowed Xaldin, blowing the whole horde away from them.

Xemnas moaned, knowing the Organization and subsequently the universe would fall. "We need a Deus Ex Machina! Something that was implemented earlier in the chapter, but seemed useless at the time!" he muttered.

It was at this precise point that the Servitude Collar snapped (somehow) around Megumi's neck. Vexen locked it shut and growled, "Disactivate the pins! Now!"

Megumi did against his will. "What the hell?"

"You are BOUND to my will!" cackled Vexen maniacally.

Megumi smirked. "You're mad."

"Dance," Vexen said.

Megumi then broke into a perfect replication of the dance from 'Napoleon Dynamite.' "Why are my feet moving so strangely?" roared Megumi, dancing unwillingly.

"And make the Red Pin people dance too," Vexen said, smirking.

They all did so and it was filmed and put onto YouTube. It immediately became the number-one most viewed video on the site.

Xemnas smiled. "Never ignore any cog of the machine!" he lectured Megumi.

"What? That was entirely me!" shouted Vexen in rage.

"Yes! It was entirely according to plan!" Xemnas said, holding his finger up in the air.

"Oh like I care," Vexen muttered. "Megumi. Order the pins to implode."

They all did so.

"Now clean up this mess."

He did so all on his lonesome. All the good guys in the Disney-verse simultaneously realized that they were in the same room as the some of most evil people in the plane of existence. Xemnas swore under his breath.

"Special attack time!" Xaldin shouted, and the Organization gathered to their places and adopted a Super Senpai Pose. They then unleashed an attack so mind-numbingly amazing that the author couldn't even begin to describe it. (Also the author is lazy.)

The good guys were banished from their world and there was much rejoicing. Xemnas handed out awards to the Organization. "For me, 'Most Awesome Leader...' For Xigbar, 'The Gray Matter Award...' For Xaldin, 'Battle Commander,' For Zexion and Xion, 'Cutest Couple,' and for everyone else, the author doesn't care enough to give you actual awards," Xemnas rambled.

Vexen muttered something incomprehensible about 'credit to team' and slinked off to his lab, the unsung hero of the day.

Chapter End

That... wasn't actually hilarious. Not my favorite chapter so far, to be sure. I think I'm losing it. If anyone wants to give me some advice on how to be funny, please, tell me! It's just not flowing like it used to. Oh well, at least I managed to write something about as epic as anything from any given LotR movies! *crickets* Right?

DISCLAIMER- I own nothing, therefore I am sad.

Grey be off typing something funnier now, dawgzz. C U on the flipsied.

Sing that Funky Rap, White Scientist

Grey be typing another chapter because the flight he's on is LONG. Therefore, I present to you...

Chapter 6

Sing That Funky Rap, White Scientist

Vexen mumbled his way through the halls of the Castle That Never Was. "Why am I still doing this!" he yelled to nobody in particular. The Nobody in particular happened to be a dusk, which didn't understand what he just said and walked away. Vexen slammed his door open and shut as he slumped over in his science chair (of SCIENCE!) and read through the latest notes on his subject, Megumi. He saw everything going according to plan. Vexen let out a long sigh and stared at Megumi. "How is it that I become important?" he asked his unwilling servant. Megumi shrugged.

"You will tell me how I become important!" snapped Vexen, glaring at Megumi coldly- a serious threat with the Chilly Academic.

Megumi glared back, equally icy. "I haven't the slightest."

Vexen slouched in his chair. "I get no screen-time! I need to know why I'm so ignored!" he exclaimed angrily. After a bit of debate with himself, he added, "Also get me a soda."

"Isn't this your own personal chapter?" Megumi asked, pulling the soda from Vexen's mini-fridge.

"Yeah, it's kind of ironic," Vexen admitted. Megumi dropped the can of soda on Vexen's head.

"Your soda, oh wise and venerable ruler."

Vexen caught the soda before it clattered to the ground. "Was dropping it on my head really necessary?"

Megumi smiled, and replied, "Yes, yes it was."

Vexen put the soda into his de-fizz machine (Vexen had a problem with sodas exploding in his face) and pushed a sequence of buttons, which did something or other. At once, random bubbles flew out of the machine, popping into bursts of color. Vexen admired the effect. "Quite nice, isn't it?"

"Admittedly."

Vexen withdrew the soda, took a swig and set to work on his latest invention- which the author actually had no idea what the hell it was. Megumi apparently didn't either, because not too long after Vexen began tinkering, he asked, "What is that abnormal head-dress?"

Vexen held it up for the servant to see. "This," he answered, "is a scoping probe... thing."

"Dear Composer. I couldn't have been blown away more by your wondrous command of the English language," Megumi dryly remarked.

"I don't pay you to make fun of me!" Vexen snapped.

Megumi stared at Vexen. "You're going to start paying me?" he asked.

"You're supposed to answer, 'You don't pay me at all,'" Vexen muttered, screwing a battery into place.

"Yes, but I realized there was the potential for me to actually get money. So I had to ask," explained the Conductor. The author realized at this point that he had not yet explained who Megumi was, and went back to the last chapter, which wasn't yet posted, to fix the problem. Right- now that this relatively unimportant melodrama is out of the way...

Vexen carried on with his tinkering and continued his explanation. "Basically it lets me enter into the very depths of people's minds. It's basically like Psychonauts," he said, adjusting the calibratory refractors.

Megumi stared at the unusual hat. "So... you're going to enter people's minds... with that thing."

He nodded.

"You're going to enter the minds of the Organization- some of the craziest people in existence," Megumi added for clarification. Vexen's expression of determination faltered.

"Maybe I should rethink this..." Vexen said, wheeling around back to the drawing board. "It's good to have you around, servant person!" Vexen remarked, drinking deeply of his soda.

"I'm going to take a moment to let the prose above truly sink in. 'Drinking deeply of his soda?' Is the author high?" Megumi asked.

The author is, and it is goooooood stuff. (The author is actually 14, not high, and unlikely to ever be. This fan fiction is, indeed, fictitious.)

Vexen shrugged and took a sip of his soda. "Go get me some food from the kitchen and make sure it isn't rotting, moldy, or in any way revolting."

Megumi listed the conditions on his fingers. "So you'd like air?"

"Something a little more filling," Vexen called as Megumi exited the room. Vexen smiled and donned the now completed head-dress, forgetting about Megumi's remarks on the Organization.

"I AM VICTORIOUS!" cried Vexen. He immediately went out of the room to find someone to test it on. He entered A Name That Doesn't Suck's rehearsal room (for that was their name now) and turned Roxas to look at him.

"What gives here?" Roxas asked nervously, the other band members watching somewhat bemusedly.

"I'm going to enter your mind when I say the vaguely pretentious Latin words, 'kay?' Vexen asked, not really caring about Roxas' answer.

"Um... 'Kay," Roxas answered, unsure.

"Iam, aspicio ut Ineo vestri mens quod liber verus specialis vestri pectus pectoris!" Vexen chanted, shutting his eyes. A laser then shot out of the disk on Vexen's forehead directly into Roxas' eyes. Next Vexen knew it, he was inside Roxas' head.

Roxas glanced around. "So, uh, this is my own mind?" he asked nervously.

Vexen nodded. "Don't worry, we'll only encounter things that are of the rating K+. The red-light district of your mind is not something I'm keen to experience," Vexen assured the younger

Nobody.

Roxas shook his head. "Not that, it's that last time I had a mind trip, I got attacked by an enormous Nobody."

Vexen peered across Roxas. "It wouldn't happen to be that enormous Nobody, would it?" he asked, pointing to the Twilight Thorn behind Roxas. Roxas sighed.

"Actually, it would."

Vexen pondered the situation. "Hold on, I thought that the canon for this story took place during 358/2 Days. By that point, you had not left the Organization, therefore there was no last time you went into your own mind," he reasoned. Roxas cut him off.

"Word of advice- if you ever go on a mission to a world called Woodstock, don't try the mushrooms."

Vexen chuckled and froze the Twilight Thorn solid. "It makes a fine ice sculpture. Now, let's explore your mind!"

The inside of Roxas' mind was fairly tidy- there were few thoughts simply scattered around, the platforms of stained glass were well kept, and doors divided the different sections of his mind. Vexen scanned the doors, seeing labels such as 'Memory,' 'Thought,' 'Reincarnations,' and the one Vexen was looking for, 'Personality Core.'

The author would make psychology jokes, but he doesn't know a damn thing about it.

Vexen entered the 'Personality Core' room, dragging Roxas behind him. Inside, he saw a lot of Chaotic Good graffiti sprayed over Lawful Evil wallpaper. There were also pictures of sea-salt ice cream and more doors. Little was littered on the ground, aside from some plot bunnies and a little stray emotion. Vexen admired how simple and clean Roxas' mind really was- he doubted he would find a cleaner mind, aside from perhaps Xaldin's.

Vexen cast a glance at Roxas. "Best work on cleaning that graffiti, Roxas," he chuckled.

Roxas mumbled and got on his knees, not actually cleaning the graffiti. Vexen looked at the other doors inside this one, and saw the labels, 'Friends,' and the label, 'Foes.' Vexen opened the 'Friends' door and entered it, running into a wall with a sticky note on it. The sticky note simply had the names, Xion and Axel. Vexen smirked.

"Have you and Xion actually met?" he asked.

Roxas looked up from his not-actually-work. "Yes... maybe... four times? I helped Zexion out like two chapters ago..."

Vexen snickered. "Apparently this follows canon both more and less strictly than we know!" he said lowly to himself. Vexen opened the 'Foes' door and saw an endless room with millions of file cabinets.

Roxas peered over into the endless room. "That's more or less accurate."

Vexen whistled, walking into the room. "It's ordered by universe of origin, world of origin, then alphabetic by name," he assessed. "You have far too much time on your hands, Roxas," he told the young Nobody.

Roxas shrugged. Vexen exited the room he was in and entered the 'Reincarnation' door. Vexen

was met by five different Roxas...es? Roxi? Roxen? Each greeted him with a hearty hello, except for one which latched onto his leg. Shaking the attached one off, Vexen mused, "It seems these are your numerous reincarnations."

"But... I-I haven't died!" Roxas stammered. Vexen tutted.

"These are your reincarnations in various different types of Fanfiction. That one is standard you, as appearing in this very Fanfic. That one looks like canon you, he seems slightly more emo. The one on my leg was Slashfic you- despicable little bugger..."

"Slashfic?" Roxas asked, eyes widening.

Vexen shuddered. "Horrid place. Don't go there," he warned. "Anyhow, this one looks like a rather accurate representation of you- though maybe more mischievous. And this one... oh God," Vexen breathed.

Roxas raised his eyebrows.

"Crackfic you," Vexen stuttered.

Roxas gasped. "No... no, it couldn't be!" he gasped.

Crackfic Roxas jumped into the air, formed the shape of a star in the air and began walking in random circles around the pair, rambling, "Truck banana fire tree peanut spoon TYPEWRITER! Chewbacca Han Leia Luke light-saber STOPWATCH!"

The author posits that crackfic is actually decently difficult to type with any degree of decency.

Slashfic Roxas continued to latch himself onto Vexen's leg, much to the Academic's disgust. Standard Roxas walked up to himself.

"So, you're me, eh?" Standard Roxas asked.

Roxas nodded. "Like looking in a mirror... So the general public (read- my two readers) doesn't confuse us, we're going to call you Arsox."

Arsox glared incredulously at Roxas before resigning himself to the fact that the author himself had already designated him Arsox. Canon Roxas walked up to the other two. "So, we're all me?"

Vexen nodded. "I'd have thought you knew that by now, haven't you spent an eternity with each other in here?"

"I guess, but we've been asleep a long time," Arsox said. Vexen nodded, and dragged Roxas behind him. Roxas paused Vexen.

"Hold on, what are those tiny clouds of words down on the ground?" he asked.

Vexen pondered. "I'm not sure," he said, picking one up.

As soon as he did, it vanished and a voice said, "Roxas and Axel go on a wacky trip to discover the true essence of comedy."

Vexen smiled knowingly. "These are plot bunnies- any random idea that flows through the author's head is stored in the plot-centric character's mind, or minds plural," he explained.

Roxas grabbed one himself. "Roxas and Xemnas are forced to duel each other by inter-galactic boxer monkeys," droned the voice. Roxas shuddered at that plot.

The author doesn't actually consider these plots. Very often. Don't worry.

Vexen nodded to himself. "Right, that seems like enough time inside your mind," he said, then realizing that he didn't know how he was going to get out. Vexen looked around for exit here signs, and found one, walking to it and entering. Vexen opened his eyes in actual life (or non-life) and smirked.

Axel snickered. "So what's up with Roxas' mind?"

"Nothing too awful. I'm sure I'll see worse," Vexen said dismissively. Demyx arched an eyebrow.

"Right, so whose mind are you gonna enter next?" asked Demyx. Vexen shrugged.

"Perhaps yours?" Vexen said, adjusting some of the machinery on his hat. Demyx shook his head.

"Nope, don't think you want to go into there!" Demyx said, looking away from Vexen. Roxas chuckled.

"Have any embarrassing secrets?" Roxas jeered. Demyx waved his hands.

"No, the author just couldn't think of jokes for my mind! Aside from stuff having to do exclusively with water, and water clones! Boring as all hell here!" Demyx said frantically. Vexen narrowed his eyebrows.

"You're an awful liar, Demyx," Vexen muttered, pulling Demyx to look at him. Vexen chanted, "Iam, aspicio ut Ineo vestri mens quod liber verus specialis vestri pectus pectoris!"

Demyx opened his mouth to swear, but then fell unconscious.

Vexen emerged in Demyx's mind, which was a fantastic nightclub, chock full of swanky goods. Vexen gasped.

"This is your mind, eh?" Vexen muttered.

Demyx sighed. "Yeah. I kinda go overboard with the swank in my mind because I live in a blank castle..."

"Understandable, but try to maintain more focus. Let's see your 'Reincarnation' room..." Vexen muttered, checking in doors for where it was. Eventually, he found a room full of Demyxes (Demyi? Demyxs?) playing pool and throwing paint on the wall. Vexen shut the door upon realizing he saw only crackfic Demyi. "I've seen enough of your head. Where's the way out?"

"You've barely been inside for any time at all!" Demyx protested.

"Demyx, that entire room is full of sugar-high yous," Vexen explained.

Demyx looked bewildered. "I don't get sugar-highs, what the hell?"

"Fanfic writers have very unique ideas of what people should be..." Vexen muttered irately. Demyx furrowed his brow.

"I smell story," Demyx muttered.

Vexen made a look of disgust. "Like hell you're going to hear my stories," he snarled. Demyx backed away quickly. Vexen scanned the room for the exit and left.

The two awoke, Demyx shaking off the consciousness sickness and Vexen merely produced a hip flask and drank a little. Demyx stared Vexen down, took his flask and drank from it himself. Vexen sat on one of the band's mini-fridges, much to Roxas' dismay.

"So, who should I do next?" Vexen asked himself. The band shrugged in unison.

"Well, we have a gig and stuff, so, not one of us," Axel said dismissively, donning a pair of sunglasses- very expensive designer sunglasses. The band loaded up their instruments into their brand new tour-ship and set off.

Vexen smirked. "I wonder when Xemnas will squash their operation?" he pondered aloud. He decided to go into Marluxia's mind next because a split personality would be a very unique mind to enter.

AT MARLUXIA'S ROOM...

Marluxia brooded on the meaning of non-being. This was interrupted by a knock on his door. He opened it, and saw Vexen with his device. Vexen waved.

"Hi, would you mind if you became subject to my little science experiment?" Vexen asked.

Marluxia shrugged, and let the Nobody into his room- a garden. Vexen began his chant, and the two fell unconscious.

Marluxia's mind was different that it was separated into two unique sides- one much like his room, and one a winding staircase. Both Marluxias were represented in his mind. OOC Marluxia was currently pestering IC Marluxia. OOC was visiting IC's section of the mind.

"You have any video-games?" asked OOC.

IC snapped his head to face OOC. "No, I don't! Stop asking!" he fumed.

"Your mind is laaaaaame!" said OOC. Vexen smirked.

"So, this is your mind?"

"Yes," answered the two.

Vexen smiled knowledgably. "What has happened here is the two most common reincarnations have seized control of this mind entirely and merged into one. They then proceeded to factor it and make it into two places. That's how we get the individual personalities."

Both Marluxias stared at him, bewildered. Vexen sighed.

"Basically, you two are the most common Marluxias in existence, pat yourselves on the back."

MEANWHILE, FOR DRAMATIC EFFECT...

Megumi re-entered Vexen's room with kebabs. "Found something," muttered the Conductor. "Sir?" he asked. "Hmm, I never received direct orders NOT to check out this back room..." he muttered mischeivously. He opened the door and gasped, for what he saw was in fact...

MEANWHILE! MEANWHILE, I SAY...

Vexen circled the two Marluxias. "Very interesting..." he mumbled, taking many notes.

IC stared at Vexen. "So, are you only here to make jokes about the split personality thing?"

"Basically," admitted the Chilly Academic. He pulled a list from his pocket and cleared his throat.

"Do you dance with yourself sometimes? Do you see yourself all the time, or just when you look in a mirror? Do y-"

"We get it, shut up!" roared IC Marluxia. OOC Marluxia giggled girlishly.

"I thought they were kind of funny!" he said.

IC Marluxia raised an eyebrow. "See, this is why we let me drive."

Vexen nodded and yawned to himself. "Well, time to go. I've had enough fun for today."

Vexen awoke, as did Marluxia. He yawned and took another swig of whatever drink was in his hip flask. He then walked to his room, where Megumi was sitting and playing on his computer.

"Shoo, fly," Vexen said, scooting Megumi away.

Megumi did so unwillingly, and then offered Vexen his food, which Vexen ate quickly.

"Did you figure out anything about how to get more screen-time?" Megumi asked, cleaning Vexen's dish. Vexen snapped.

"I know how!" he said, excitedly. "But first, it's time to fall asleep so I can have a trippy, and perhaps even amusing dream sequence!" exclaimed Vexen. Megumi rolled his eyes, and slipped a bit of food into the back-room.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

Vexen lay asleep. He was dreaming of electric sheep. Was he an android? Do we even know if androids dream of electric sheep? Or do only scientists ponder how such a thing could even be possible? Is it at all important? Are the electric sheep part of an electric microcosm? Are the electric sheep Flaafy? These were the questions Vexen pondered in the most deeply conscious state. To them, respectively, he answered, no, most likely, possibly, of course, it's possible, and a resounding yes to the last question.

His subconscious appeased, Vexen woke promptly the next day, feeling much like P. Diddy. What that entailed, he had no idea. Hey, you reader! Look, I can foreshadow!

He went to his sink, brushed his teeth, but not with a bottle of jack. Vexen donned his head-dress and stared into a mirror in an attempt to refract it into his own mind. It was a successful plan and Vexen entered the depths of his very own mind- a clean, chilly laboratory and library. Vexen nodded knowingly at the climate at which he knew so well.

The author realized that he had no dialogue to write because there's only one character. The author swore a little.

Vexen smirked. "So, let's see..." he looked around the room, seeing all kinds of lab equipment that he actually wanted. He glared enviously at the Ion Partisan in the corner, until realizing that he was, in fact, jealous of himself. He promptly ceased being jealous of himself. Looking for the 'Reincarnation' door, he stumbled over some plot bunnies.

"The evil mastermind A. Melvin returns to destroy the Organization- successfully," droned the narrate-y voice.

"Dear Zeus, I hope that's one the author isn't planning on using," he muttered, crushing another between his fingers.

"Vexen and Saix go on a quest to find Naminé."

"She's missing?" Vexen responded to himself, surprised. Vexen reached the 'Reincarnation' door, hovering over the handle until he steeled himself, gripping the handle and opening the door.

He was met by a number of bookish Vexens. A number of them also seemed to lust after Marluxia, and a few more were completely insane scientists. The Real Vexen smiled to himself.

"Now, which of you are invoked the most in fan fiction?" he asked, clapping his hands together in a business-like fashion.

The Slash Vexens raised their hands. Vexen froze them all in place. "Who's second?" he said, grinning. The insane scientists raised their hands then. Vexen grinned.

"Now, that I can work with. So, how do you get the focus on you?"

One of them shrugged. "I'm the main character..." he mentioned. Most of them nodded in agreement. Real Vexen slung his shoulders in dismay.

"Well, how do I set myself aside from the other members?"

"If your character is entirely unique enough..." started one.

"Then the author will want to use you more!" finished another.

Real Vexen nodded knowingly. "So, I have to change?"

"Just act crazier. Shouldn't be too hard, we're scientists!" offered yet another.

A scientist accidentally blew himself up. "Oops."

"So, you're saying I should make my things less safe?" Real Vexen asked.

"It'll make you seem crazy!" said one.

Said another, "It's way better than living in anonymity, right?"

"Yeah! A dead and popular character is more fun than a living and dull character!" added another.

Real Vexen nodded tentatively, and donned a pair of neon-green and purple safety goggles- it was showtime!

Insane Scientist Vexen #1 smirked. "Now, I'm fairly sure at this very moment, Zexion is stealing your place as Scientist General of The World That Never Was! How do you plan on getting it back?"

Real Vexen laughed maniacally. "I know just how!" he cackled, pouring some potions together to create an explosion- one which somehow propelled him out of his own mind.

Vexen awoke, smirking. He went to the Organization's meeting room- where they were once again conveniently having a meeting.

"Ah, Vexen, how good of you to show up," Xaldin remarked dryly. "You just missed Zexion getting your job."

Zexion grinned. "I'm on my way to The Right-Hand Man." This was an actual position in Organization XIII- it had been held by Saix until he slipped out of character during a raid on Icecrown Citadel (In the reality of this universe, not in that silly game) and caused a total party wipe. The position was then given to Xaldin- who was currently snorting at Zexion's ridiculous claim.

"Not today, Zexion!" cried Vexen, donning neon-green safety goggles. Roxas and Axel exchanged a glance at each other.

Zexion raised his eyebrows. "Oh yeah? And what can you do about it?"

"Let's spit some rhymes!" shouted Vexen, a boom-box raising from the ground at his stomp.

Roxas glanced at Axel. "When did we install that?" he asked. The other Nobody shrugged.

Zexion shook his head. "No, no rhyme spitting. Not happening," he said warily. Xemnas grinned.

"I like this proposal," he said, snapping his fingers to lower Zexion's chair to a location where he could get off comfortably.

Zexion sighed. Vexen clapped and two microphones sprung from the inside of his own chair, one hitting Zexion in the face and the other adeptly caught.

Vexen raised the microphone to his mouth, and began.

Time froze so the author could warn you that some of this will be profane. If you don't care, read on. If you do, skip the italic text. I bleeped out most of the swear words, so I think it's okay. But just remember- Don't be hating, remember the rating.

"Alright Zex, check it out,

It's Vexen, number four, here to say

You'd better look out,

Or I'll strip you of the title you just got today

*You're a whiny emo ******

An annoyance, a bore

You walked into a door

When you were barely four

You know that it's a hundred percent true

That I'm the better scientist

Yeah, it's me, not you

So don't be pissed, you won't be missed," rapped Vexen. Zexion's fingers twitched as he picked up the microphone, twirled it in his hands and began his own rap.

"Vex you got no talent,

No rhythm no rhyme

Cause you to busy poring o'er your books

To have the time

To find

The rhythm and rhyme

In this..." Zexion struggled with words.

Vexen smirked, and continued with his assault.

"I'm the motherflippin' Academic,

sent from heaven

A gift from God

An' I'm Vexy! (He's Vexy)

If you choose to proceed,

You will indeed concede

That I'm the better technician

Cause that's my mission!

I'm not only smart, I'm cool

The Chilly Academic, ya fool

You weren't smart to try to take me

Talk with my colleague, then maybe you'll see!"

Luxord jumped down from his chair, caught the mic deftly and began a rap supporting Vexen.

"He's the Academic,

Gonna start an epidemic..."

Luxord scratched his head. "Maybe I shouldn't have started with Academic," he quietly mused aloud.

Vexen sighed, and continued his rap.

"Sometimes I'm polite,

Thanks for the munny,

It's good,

G'night.

Sometimes I'm insane,

Riding on the crazy train,

And makin' you act profane.

Ha-ha-ha-ha... Not really K+...

My cures and potions are fine

If you're like Demyx, you use 'em all the time

Two parts tonic and one part rime

*Makes the best **** alcohol you'll ever find.*

My brews are so potent that you have to admit,

*That anything you do will be like horse****.*

Yeah, sometimes I steal ideas from the master,

But who cares?

So long as my patent's there faster!

Other scientists diss me

Say my potions are sissy

Why? Why? I'll tell ya

It's the potion I brewed that lets me rap so well right now!

My alchemy's maxed, you're gonna be axed,

I'll send ya straight back to World of Warcraft!" rapped the Chilly Academic, inserting some slant rhyme into his last verse.

Xemnas nodded. *"He's the mother flipping..."*

"He's the mother flipping..." agreed Xigbar.

Roxas and Axel nodded, calling, *"He's the mother flipping..."*

"Who's the mother flipping?" called Luxord.

"I'm the mother flipping!" cried Vexen, *"I'm the mother flipping!"*

Staring at his opponent, he walked right up to him, and spat, *"Mother flipping."*

Zexion staggered backwards, clearly beaten. Xemnas threw a flag down.

"That's a wrap, people- Vexen retains his title, and thus his pay," Xemnas said.

Vexen smiled, grabbed and put his microphones back. He activated a jetpack (one he assembled of duct-tape and a sheet of metal he grabbed at that very moment) and flew up to his seat, crossing his legs and smiling.

Xemnas returned to his agenda. "Right- now, we need to assess the Sora and Riku problem..."

"Why don't we use a legion of radio-active spider monkeys propelled by green kryptonite?" suggested Vexen, a cackle in his voice.

Chapter End

And that was Vexen's very own chapter. For those of you who care for Vexen at all, he's likely to appear more often now! For those of you who hate him? Eh, maybe you'll like his brand new and improved personality!

DISCLAIMER- I OWN NOTHING.

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

Grey be owt dawgzz, c u on the flipsied.

Chocolate vs. Ice cream! The Final Battle!

Updated! Because somewhere it be Tuesday.

The next chapter appeared! You used the read attack!

Chapter 7

Chocolate Vs. Ice Cream! The Final Battle!

Xemnas covered his face with his hands, the finances looking back at them. Xaldin entered his room.

"Superior, what's wrong?"

Xemnas motioned to the finances. "We're going to go bankrupt," he said, bluntly. Xaldin stared at the finances.

"What? No, that can't be right..." Xaldin muttered, looking at the finances. He could barely read a single line before Xemnas grabbed the finances back.

The Superior said seriously, "Xaldin, we could lose this castle!"

Xaldin smiled. "Don't worry, Xemnas!" he said. "I will take raising enough money to be my duty for the month- you don't need to worry about a thing."

Xemnas peered up at his subordinate, bags under his eyes. "You'd do that for me?"

"For you?" Xaldin asked, "Hell no. I just like this castle. My room is nice."

Xemnas nodded. "Indeed, full of books of blank verse..."

The author smiled. Grammar jokes.

IN XALDIN'S ROOM...

Xaldin set out a blank sheet of paper, picked up a pen and began brainstorming what he could do to raise funds- He could have a bake sale, but threw that one out for being too childish. He could raid some planets full of money, but most of the cities worth anything had been recently raided by either Sephiroth or Darth Vader- some by wanna-be villains. He could do a car-wash, but there was unfortunately a high-quality, low-cost car wash in The World That Never Was.

Xaldin furrowed his brow. He was running out of ideas. His last relied on one of his deepest and least known talents...

BAD CLIFF-HANGER IS GO...

Luxord entered Xemnas' room. "Hey Xemnas, I looked at my pay and it's been the same for the last six decades."

"What happened to canon?" Xemnas asked. Luxord shrugged.

"Perhaps we're an AU. Anyways, I'd like a pay-raise cause I'm fairly certain I was entitled to one 59 years and 364 days ago."

Xemnas glared at him. "I hear your pain. However, most of the money this dictatorship- erm, company is making is going straight towards building a nice party room for it's CEO-" Xemnas caught himself. "Which means towards its employees," he corrected. Luxord was unconvinced.

"Can I see those forms?" he asked. Xemnas clutched onto the papers protectively.

Luxord sighed and simply stopped time for everyone and thing around him, took the finances and went to his own room, where he locked the door and began reading.

Luxord's own room was fairly modest- it's wall were white, though the room was dimly lit so they looked darker. It had a fairly bland painting on the walls and a sofa, and a chair.

The author is kidding- Luxord's room was made entirely of gold. You see, Luxord doesn't gamble- Luxord wins. Why did Luxord want the raise? He wanted it because he was a fighter. He wouldn't stand for a corrupt system- he'd sooner be speared in the eyes with a rusty poker. Luxord was fighting for truth, justice, equality, and primarily a little more money in his pocket.

Luxord read over the finances. "Wow, would you look at all these bogus expenses!" he remarked, looking over the sheet, seeing expenses such as 'Turtle Charge,' 'Tea Charge,' 'Excessive Evil Fine,' and most astoundingly, 'Extreme Awesome Fines.'

Xemnas barged into Luxord's room. "Luxord, put the sheet down!" he cried. Luxord threw it his way.

"It's too late, Xemnas. I now know all your secrets."

Xemnas grabbed the sheet back. "This is legitimate, I'll have you kno-"

"Excessive Evil Fine?" Luxord asked.

Xemnas was at a loss for words, simply choosing to make random grunt noises until he finally exploded, saying, "You're fired!"

Luxord smirked. "It doesn't work that way, Xemnas- I own this castle."

"Wait what since when" Xemnas replied, apparently at so much of a loss he couldn't even punctuate his own sentence.

Luxord smiled. "When I took that trip to the Casino Comet, I succeeded at making enough money to purchase the castle, the Organization itself, and simply for my own amusement, Disneyland."

Xemnas then woke up from his own worst nightmare.

Nope, just kidding.

Luxord proceeded to say, "And you can hold on to the whole shebang if you cut down on these ridiculous charges, and put more money into the hard-working employee's hands! By which I mean, give me the raise you owed me for the last fifty-odd years!"

Xemnas threw his hands up in defeat. "Fine, you win," he mumbled, going to fix the finance situation.

Luxord smiled. "It's a good thing he didn't know I was bluffing." Smirking, he went to go play games of chance with unsuspecting passers-by.

MEANWHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY...

Xaldin sighed and poured the ice-cream out of the ice-cream machine.

The author wants to say that he did his research, and it actually is called an ice-cream machine.

Xaldin put the ice-cream he had made into different vats, and cut the ribbon open on his brand new ice cream shop in Traverse Town.

The author has no idea how he got a building permit.

Immediately, the customers poured into Xaldin's ice-cream shop, lining up quickly and paying him for their very own ice-cream. As Xaldin continued his work, he soon realized that he would need an employee... So he dropped a dark portal in the Castle and whoever was idiotic enough to bounce out of it would be his new employee. Xaldin continued his labor for a half an hour before Demyx came stumbling out. Xaldin smirked.

"Welcome, Demyx, to Non-Being."

Demyx looked down-trodden. "I knew Axel was joking when he said this was the portal to a platinum record."

Xaldin slapped an apron and an ice-cream scoop in his hands. "As an underachiever, I think you have probably worked in an ice-cream parlor before! Get to work," he exclaimed, clapping Demyx on the back.

"Yeah, I've worked in an ice-cream parlor before, but..."

Xaldin shrugged. "Work."

"What the hell is even going on here?" Demyx asked.

Xaldin sighed and lit his exposition bomb. "Because the Organization is in a monetary down-turn, I decided to keep the Organization afloat by opening an ice-cream parlor, because my Other's thesis in college involved the discovery of how ice-cream was made and how it contributed to the scientific method, in addition to it's effects of happiness and well-being in educated persons. As such, I had to learn how to make ice-cream and I found myself to be rather good at it, but because I have many sideburns and am generally a rather manly character, I decided to keep it my own secret. Also, I suspect you're wondering why I said welcome to Non-Being? Name of the ice-cream parlor."

Demyx nodded. "That makes perfect sense," he agreed, choosing not to mention that Xemnas had recently raised everyone's pay.

"I thought as much," replied Xaldin, returning to his ice-cream manufacturing labor.

Demyx rang up a customer's order on the register, saying, "Okay, that's 500 munny, are you interested in applying to our membership program?"

The customer (hereby named Bob) furrowed his brow. "Membership program."

Demyx nodded, reading off the index card of instructions Xaldin had put on the counter. "Yes, if you happen to buy ten ice-creams of worth of at least 700 munny each, then you will get another ice-cream free of charge at the next time you even enter the shop- for we have ice-cream ninjas, lying... in... wait?"

Demyx shot a glance at his superior. "We have ice-cream ninjas?"

Xaldin nodded. "Doesn't every ice-cream shop?"

Demyx shrugged as Bob agreed to the program. Demyx handed Bob his ice-cream cone, smiling, and said, "Have a nice day!"

Xaldin eyed Demyx. "You're wishing them a nice day?"

"Sure, they'll come back more if we wish them a nice day," Demyx replied.

"We want them to come back?" Xaldin asked, confused.

Demyx snickered, finishing another order as the waves of customers ebbed. "See now Xaldin- we need to make this thing called a profit. To do this, we need to make sure we pay for various expenditures. The prices of things like the ingredients for our ice-cream should be included in the cost of the items itself, but the one major thing is we need to sell at least 300 ice-creams a month in order to pay off our money from this establishment, not to mention gas, electric, advancements in ice-cream technology, royalties, and we probably need to pay maintenance as well."

"Since when did you become able to spit out walls of text?" asked Xaldin, clearly confused.

Demyx leaned on the counter. "Since I joined my band. We're pretty famous now."

As if on cue, a teenager (we'll call her Knives) screamed. "OMIGOD YOU'RE FROM 'A NAME THAT DOESN'T SUCK!'"

Demyx smiled and waved her over. "Hey there! How are you?"

"OMIGOD YOU'RE LIKE MY FAVORITE BAND EVER AND AIYEEEEEEE!" she squealed. Xaldin winced from the racket.

"Demyx, she's going to pierce my ear-drums, can you please make her shut up?" he requested over the din.

Demyx snapped his fingers. "How about I play our hit single, 'A Song Title?'"

Xaldin covered his ears. "Whatever works!"

Demyx jumped onto the ice-cream store's counter, switched his sitar's setting to non-lethal and let loose a power chord. Immediately, the entire ice-cream store stared at Demyx as he began to solo for no adequately explored reason. The solo crescendo'd. It arpeggio'd. It had squeedlies. It had meedlies. It had a battle between the squeedlies and the meedlies. Eventually the squeedlies won.

Knives' eyes sparkled. "Wow."

Demyx smiled. "Always nice to meet a fan."

"So why do you work here?"

Xaldin gave Demyx the kill signal when he cast a glance in his direction. Demyx quickly improvised, "Um, he's a-a-a buddy! Yes, a buddy! Of mine!" he replied, panicked. Demyx smiled inwardly. *Nice save, Demyx*, he thought to himself.

Knives smiled. "So, you're like... wow."

Demyx winked at her. "So, do you think anyone will get what universe you're from?"

"Nooooope."

And thus this entire scene was almost entirely pointless. Days passed as the two began to make more than quo- they were in fact making a profit. Apparently having a celebrity in your shop can attract customers! They could afford to improve their shop and churn out twice as much ice-cream as before.

And then came the fateful day- June First, and the second the sun was up the third member of the Organization knew that he would lose at least a fourth of his profits on the fifth month of the sixth year of the zodiac cycle, and that they would lose business faster than the Seventh Heaven bar in one of the eight sectors of Midgar.

The author WAS quite satisfied with his run-on sentence, thank you. He also doesn't care exactly how many sectors there are, he thinks he's right.

Xaldin peered across the street which the ice-cream parlor was located on. "Demyx, is that a chocolate shop?"

Demyx, looking up from cleaning his ice-cream scoop, peered too at the shop across the street. "Mako Chocolates?"

Xaldin swore under his breath. "HELL no!" he bellowed, marching across the street and slamming on the door.

It was opened by Xaldin's very own arch-nemesis. Sephiroth.

"Sephiroth!" sang the skeleton choir from chapter 4. Or was it 3?

Xaldin eyed the skeleton choir from chapter 4 or 3. "I thought you only replied to Shaft?"

"Shaft!" sang the aforementioned skeleton choir. Xaldin rolled his eyes.

Sephiroth cackled. "So, how are you my old friend?"

"Spare me the pleasantries, Sephiroth," snarled Xaldin. "We were never friends."

Sephiroth brushed a strand of hair from his eye. "Well, we were the one day in the hair-care spa."

Xaldin looked down-right murderous. "You know damn well I use less product in my hair than you, you simpering, pathetic, idiotic... prissy-face!" he roared.

Sephiroth was less than impressed. Nay, I would say his emotion was... disappointed. "Well, anyhow, Xaldin, what brings you to my new chocolate shop? Is it business?" he asked, tossing his hair around. "You could be my very first customer. We could even take a commemorative photograph!" said the silver-haired man.

Xaldin's expression switched from murderous to homicidal. "You are going to die, Sephiroth!"

Sephiroth arched an eyebrow. "Oh, I don't think so. I've learned far more techniques than you."

Xaldin smirked. "Earthbending in Bha Sing Se."

"The Force, on the Death Star."

"Please, everyone cool has learned the Force by now," Xaldin dismissed.

Demyx shouted from the shop across the street, "Xaldin, there are customers and I don't know how to make ice-cream!"

"True, I suppose... Hadouken, from the Grand Fighter Tournament."

"Kamehameha, from Planet Nemekia. Or however the hell that's spelt."

"Soul Charge from the alternate version of Earth Soul Calibur is held on."

Xaldin snorted. "Has that ever been used effectively?"

Sephiroth nodded. "When you combine Soul Charge with an EX Mode, the effect is quite astounding."

Xaldin shuddered as visions of exploding swings filled his mind. "Yes, anyways, Final Smash from Final Destination."

"Xaldin, seriously!" Demyx called, "We're running out of ice-cream!"

"Wolf Form from Hyrule."

"Cat Form from Azeroth."

"Bear form from Azeroth!"

"TREE FORM FROM AZEROTH!" cried Xaldin, triumphantly.

Sephiroth was confused. "You took the time to learn to be a tree."

Xaldin nodded.

Sephiroth chortled.

You wouldn't believe how long the author has wanted to use 'chortled.'

Xaldin snickered, eventually evolving into an insane laugh, while he left the shop. Xaldin entered as Demyx sighed in relief.

"Thank God! I was about to run outta ice-cream!"

Xaldin swiftly set the machine to ice-cream creation. "We have problems."

"Eh?"

Xaldin pulled the ice-cream into the freezer and set to making more. "Sephiroth."

"Oh, Sephiroth? I think he likes my band."

Xaldin glared at Demyx. "I will kill you."

Demyx backed away a little- partially because Xaldin was scary but primarily because the ice cream he needed to get to was over there.

Xaldin nodded to himself, continually producing ice-cream. "We need to kill Sephiroth."

"Why?" replied Demyx, smiling and wishing a customer the best day ever.

Xaldin's expression was receding to un-emotional again, but it swiftly reverted to murderous. "His chocolate will RUIN my ice-cream! My ice-cream must remain pure, untouched by the sinister nature of chocolate!"

Demyx chose not to mention that they sold chocolate ice-cream. He looked at a few of the customers that came in with a wary glance towards their bags from Mako Chocolates. He motioned for them to get out, but the ice-cream ninjas held them fast too quickly.

Xaldin grabbed the bags they had. "This, my friends, my members, my most honored colleagues, is the bag of an enemy. Whoever has a bag like this will be kicked out of my shop. Either make me happy or cease to eat my delicious frozen treats!"

He then tore the bags to shreds with slices of air.

The customers were all considerably bewildered.

Xaldin snarled, "Dismissed. Enjoy your frozen treats."

The customers shrugged and went back to whatever they were doing.

Demyx ran a finger over the finances for the ice-cream parlor. "I think we're going to lose business. I don't think we'll have enough money to purchase another ice-cream machine like you wanted, and I also think that this conflict is stupid," Demyx slammed the papers down on the counter, staring at Xaldin.

"Why do you care?" asked Xaldin. "This is not your ice-cream parlor."

"Yes, but this is the first job I've held that's actually meant something to me," Demyx muttered. "You're not a bad guy, Xaldin. Well, you are a bad guy, but you're not a bad person."

"If you're expecting me to reciprocate the feelings, I'm afraid to say I see you only as a worker," Xaldin retorted.

Demyx feels this way only because the author has been reading too many friend-ship fics.

Sephiroth then burst straight through the glass of the ice-cream parlor's door. Xaldin swore loudly. "Demyx, check whether or not insurance covers that!"

Demyx gave a quick salute and set to figuring out whether it was or not. Xaldin eyed Sephiroth, a glint in his eyes. "So, what brings you into my shop?"

"I was just going to put this little book of coupons for my shop on your counter," said Sephiroth nonchalantly. Xaldin had had enough- he summoned his spears to his side.

Sephiroth snorted. "You think you can take me?"

"Yes. But we're going to do this in the middle of the street so you can't cause any more property damage to my shop!" Xaldin bellowed.

Sephiroth chuckled mirthlessly. "And you don't remember what happened that time on Cloud City."

Xaldin's expression went from actually a little calm to crazed homicidal maniac. "Sephiroth, you are going to DIE for bringing that up!" Xaldin cried, bending the fallen stone from his shop to slam Sephiroth into the streets. Sephiroth slammed against the road, narrowly dodging a truck that came out of nowhere. He summoned a huge wall of fire to separate the section of road from the rest, keeping all environmental hazards away.

Xaldin swiftly assembled a kind of skate-board with his spears and used it to speed towards Sephiroth, hopping over his slice and earthbending Sephiroth into a rock cage.

For those of you who don't know the abilities of each fighter, I'll proceed to outline them here.

Xaldin-

1. Earthbending, the ability to move rocks in basically any way you want. Lexexus was a little annoyed of Xaldin learning this ability.
2. The Force. If you don't know what this is, you can direct yourself to the Pit of Eternal Suffering, which is conveniently located right over there.
3. Kamehameha, a concentrated burst of energy. Used in place of the Force only because it's a lot more powerful, and can cause a nasty burn.
4. Final Smash, an incredibly powerful attack, but it needs a MacGuffin to be used properly.
5. Cat Form, which is exactly what it sounds like on the tin.
6. Tree Form, which... turns... you... into a tree? The author concedes that Xaldin must have been high.
7. Also assume he has whatever moves he would ordinarily have in whatever incarnation.

Sephiroth-

1. The Force, same deal as Xaldin.
2. Hadouken. Basically the exact same thing as a kamehameha.
3. Soul Charge, allows you to make a move marginally more powerful than it would be originally.
4. Wolf Form, which allows him to smell his enemies out, use two moves, and is generally less fun than simply walking around.
5. Bear Form. Pretty much exactly what it says on the tin.
6. EX Mode, which allows a super powered version of you. Is equitable to a Final Smash.
7. He also has an orchestra. This isn't actually an attack, it just serves to make him seem more threatening and/or awesome.
8. Also assume he has whatever moves he would ordinarily have in whatever incarnation.

Right, now that that's out of the way, we can continue with this duel. Sephiroth swiftly turned into a wolf to prevent himself from being trapped in the ever-reducing rock cage. He swiftly dug his way into the ground. Xaldin hopped off of his makeshift board and planted his feet on the ground, quickly attempting to turn the ground into rock. However, Sephiroth burrowed his way from the earth and leapt at Xaldin, scoring a somewhat glancing blow on him.

Xaldin Force Pushed him away and sent three of his six lances to attempt to spear Sephiroth. Sephiroth guarded the lances and turned back into a human, using a soul charge and sending shockwaves at Xaldin. Xaldin Force Pulled a conveniently placed mailbox over to deflect the shockwaves and sent it (it being the mailbox) at Sephiroth. Sephiroth was undeterred, beginning to walk calmly towards Xaldin. Xaldin gritted his teeth, Earthbended a barrier, summoned a wind wall, and then turned into a cat and entered stealth mode.

Oh, you didn't know that cats can turn invisible? Oh, such a sad, poor soul you are...

Sephiroth eventually cleared his way through both barriers, only to see that there was nobody there. He began summoning rains of meteors to unstealth Xaldin, but to no effect- Xaldin pounced on the silver-haired man and pinned him to the ground, once again with Earthbending. As Xaldin reverted to his basic form and leapt into the air to deliver the finishing blow, Sephiroth suddenly glowed blue and Xaldin's attack was blocked. Xaldin staggered backwards. "How is this possible?" he muttered, staring down his opponent who had simply deflected a coup-de-grace.

"EX Mode is go," Sephiroth answered, smirking confidently. For the next fifteen seconds, Sephiroth whipped Xaldin every which way with his sword, eventually drawing him close to impale him on his blade, which began his EX Burst, Supernova. Xaldin could barely pick himself up off the ground. Sephiroth drew his katana and walked towards the fallen Nobody, a serene expression on his face.

"You couldn't fight well enough, just like last time," goaded Sephiroth.

Xaldin tried one last time to stand, but couldn't. "It won't end like this..." he mumbled, in an attempt to sound strong. Sephiroth raised his sword for the coup-de-grace...

To Be Continued...

(Right Now)

Is this prank getting boring?

Demyx barreled out of nowhere, managing to break through a wall of fire, a wall of earth, and a wall of wind with the sheer power of music alone. He jammed a small ditty on his sitar to push Sephiroth away from his wounded comrade.

Xaldin looked up and grinned. "Demyx, you deserve the award of Convenient Timing."

Demyx smiled, tossing Xaldin a Ice-Cream Potion. "Twice now I've pulled a stunt like this! Twice!" he cried triumphantly, creating a group of water clones.

Xaldin ate the Ice-Cream Potion and got up, still only able to stagger around. Demyx warded Sephiroth's relentless attacks with his own relentless blocking. Sephiroth snarled.

"You're this man's savior?" Sephiroth growled.

Demyx nodded cheerily, interrupting one of Sephiroth's attacks by simply hitting him across the face. "Yeah, and what about it?"

"Aren't you supposed to be at a gig?" Sephiroth asked.

Sephiroth was indeed stating the truth- Demyx did have a gig. Terror crossed his face.

"Shoot, sorry Xaldin!" he said, running towards the Traverse Town Ampitheatre.

Xaldin sighed. "And to think, that dunderhead saved my life."

"In vain." Sephiroth replied. "He left you, just like they left you on Cloud City..."

"For the record, that was because they had to in order to disable the Orbital Defense Cannons! It was critical to the mission!" protested Xaldin.

Sephiroth snickered. "They were fetching a bite to eat and they told you that to appease you."

Xaldin opened his mouth to argue but Sephiroth shut him up with pictures of the rest of the Original Six, sans Lexaeus and Vexen eating at a small Italian Café.

Xaldin pounded his fist on the ground, not to Earthbend but to display his anger.

"You really think your comrades care about you?" Sephiroth asked. "Come, join me in the darkness."

"I would never join someone who can manage to make anything sound like the beginning to a bad slash-fic!" shouted Xaldin, slamming his fist on the ground- this time to create a spire under Sephiroth. Sephiroth leapt away in the nick of time. Xaldin knew he was barely hanging on at this point- he was at the point of defeat.

Sephiroth smiled and approached his opponent another time, this time choosing to end it quickly and fatally. Xaldin closed his eyes, and braced for impact.

By brace for impact, I mean he activated Tree Form, then Barkskin subsequently. Sephiroth's sword stuck in the wood, and as he tried to pull it out, Xaldin swiftly put a number of heals over time on himself and then cast Tranquility, fully curing himself. Xaldin then shoved the sword out of himself and reverted to human form.

"I thought I had you there!" Sephiroth bellowed, now somewhat enraged.

Xaldin knew that he could end it now. He activated his Final Smash and proceeded to steam-roll Sephiroth with a train of lances, creating a dragon from them and then having that dragon breathe Kamehameha at Sephiroth.

The author requests that you stop tallying how much I mangled your favorite anime or whatever and suggests you simply roll with it.

Sephiroth lay on the ground, beaten. "Xaldin. You... haven't seen the last of me."

"Sephiroth."

The mentioned party raised his head to look at his rival.

"You need to take your chocolates out of this town. You need to take your chocolates out of this plane. For you, it was about spiting me."

Sephirith looked hurt. "It was never about stealing business from you!"

"I'd laugh, but I hate you too much."

"Okay, it may have been about stealing business. But the thing is, I truly enjoy, with my heart and soul, creating wonderful confections for the general public. Do you remember what that was like?"

Xaldin snorted. "Seeing as I have neither a heart or a soul, I'm unable to. Fortunately for you, that also means I can't reasonably burst into hysterics at your statements either. You finished?"

Sephiroth shrugged. "I guess I am," he muttered, hoisting himself upright and staggering towards the nearby and conveniently located hospital.

Well, it's a planned convenience by Xaldin anyways.

Xaldin swiftly turned into a tree and mended himself of his wounds, returning to his shop. He

returned to his job.

It was then that Axel, Roxas, Zexion and Xion walked into Non-Being.

"Heeeey! It's Xaldin!" Axel called. Xaldin raised his head.

"Hello. Can I interest you in some ice-cream?" he asked.

Xion asked, "Xaldin, why are you working a low-benefit job with no real advancement opportunities?"

"Finances," Xaldin grunted, churning out some more ice-cream.

Zexion looked confused. "But Xemnas gave literally everyone a raise. Luxord exposed his excessive personal spending."

Xaldin then uttered profanity so vulgar it made Roxas and Xion cringe.

Then he destroyed the entire shop.

Axel cheered. "Wanton destruction! There's the Xaldin we knew and loved!"

Roxas smiled, until he realized that this meant they were liable to die. "Uh, guys, when Xaldin destroys things, he really destroys things, maybe we shoul-"

Zexion waved his concerns away. "Nah, we're totally safe."

A blast- stone sailed towards the quartet but Zexion stuck out a palm and destroyed the boulder.

"See? Safe."

Roxas stared at Zexion, bewildered. "Since when did you know Earthbending?" asked the young Nobody.

"I visit Bha Sing Se every now and then," he said dismissively.

The group shared an awkward silence as they reveled in the destruction around them.

"...Will the chapter end already?" asked Xion.

Chapter End

"Thank you," said Xion curtly.

You felled the chapter! The chapter left a note!

-Hey there, hope you enjoyed this chapter. I thought this one was pretty amusing, so, maybe you did too! DISCLAIMER- I own nothing! Just like you! Unless you do own something. Anywho, Grey be out

Of ideas. I have a few, but I'm running short. If you got any, send me a message, I'll use ideas I think are good. Eventually.

Okay, this time Grey really be out dawgzz, c u on the phlip sied.

Also, after last chapter, I now have not one.

NOT TWO.

BUT APPARENTLY THREE PEOPLE THINK I'M WORTH A READ

Okay, Caps aside, thanks to ye.

It's a Canon AU, okay?

Grey be starting another chapter because he has time to kill and wants to please his now-apparently-four-person audience. You'll laugh. You'll cry. You'll laugh and cry at the same time maybe, as I take you through...

Chapter 8

It's a Canon AU, Okay!

In the Lounge of Naught, Xemnas sat in his personal favorite easy-chair and brooded over a bar of white chocolate and a glass of red wine. Xigbar eyed his Superior.

"Dude, doesn't that like cause a clash in flavours or something?"

The author says that Word can go to hell for not accepting the British version of 'flavour.'

Xemnas raised his eyes to look at Xigbar's face. "It matches."

"Whatever ya say, Xemmy."

Xemnas swirled his wine. "Where the hell have you even been, Xigbar? You've had barely a line of dialogue for around four chapters!" said Xemnas.

Xigbar shrugged, mumbling, "I dunno, I just don't think I've been very plot centric, man..."

"Vexen had his own personal chapter!" Xemnas shouted, slamming his fist on the table, "*VEXEN!* Are you going to let this stan-"

Vexen entered the room. "Hey guys, what's u- DESTROY YOU ALL."

"Speak of the Mad Scientist Devil and he shall appear!" remarked Xemnas. "What brings you to the Lounge of Maybe?"

"I was bored of creating horrible mutations and setting them loose on the dark city."

The author posits that Cloverfield was a documentary. Piece together the rest from there.

Xemnas nodded sagely. "Well, I understand completely. Such wasting of the town will only mean not enough people will be left to staff the bowling alley."

"Tide's up, man," answered Xigbar, clearly reading off of his imaginary cue-cards. "When did we get a frickin' bowling alley?"

"Xaldin ordered the citizens to do something useful a while back, and to his dismay, bowling alley," said Xemnas, taking a sip of his wine.

Xaldin entered the room at this time as well, ranting and raving about the finance situation.

"I cannot believe that you didn't send me word that I had gotten a raise! Meanwhile, I was slaving away in that festering pit of low-level employment!" fumed Xaldin, advancing on Xemnas.

Xemnas offered Xaldin a bottle of gin. Xaldin stared at the bottle and took it with a sigh, slumping over on the sofa, next to Vexen.

"Aside from the obvious, how's crimes?" asked Xaldin.

Xemnas shrugged. "I dunno. I haven't been able to think of any good ideas. Much like the author apparently, because this chapter has been very low-key so far."

Xigbar nodded his agreement. "On the flipside, people. I finally got to speak again!"

"You called *Who's the motherflippin'* during Vexen's rap," offered Xaldin lamely.

Xigbar spat into a very conveniently placed spittoon. "Like heck if I care 'bout that, man! Vexen is like... no fun, y'know?"

"I'm sitting right here."

"And?" Xigbar said, not even turning to look at the scientist. Vexen scoffed.

"And now I know how Lexeaus feels."

Xemnas raised an eyebrow. "What do Lexeaus and ignored-ness have in common at all?"

Lexeaus entered the room. "Those imbeciles keep interrupting my sudoku! I cannot focus on the numbers!"

"Isn't that, like, a really really borin' puzzle?" asked Xigbar.

Holding out a finger to emphasize each of his points, Lexeaus began a wall of text. "You see Xigbar, I don't believe you truly understand the nuances of humanity's favorite number puzzle. The simple logic it requires and the mastery of common knowledge is superb. So many variants of Sudoku have emerged, because it's such a fantastic puzzle! People who do well on Sodoku are scientifically proven to be sharper people! Why, Zexion began doing Sudoku just the other day and he agrees with me!"

As if on cue, Zexion walked into the room. "Hello, people."

Xemnas threw up his hands in irritation. "Do we have magical name-summony powers?"

Xaldin nodded. "You installed that last week when you discovered you couldn't simply command the pizza-delivery guy to be here."

"Oh right... Pizza-delivery guy!" Xemnas called.

Xigbar raised his eyebrows. "You really think that the pizza-delivery guy is called pizza-delivery guy? With no caps even?"

Xemnas shrugged. "It was worth a shot."

Xigbar smirked. "This reminds me of the old days, y'know?"

"What old days do you refer to?" Zexion queried.

"Y'know, when we were all in the Academy!"

There was a groan from Vexen. "I high school. Perhaps I should direct my monster to go annihilate the local one."

"Be back in ten minutes," called Xaldin as Vexen strode out of the room, cackling maniacally.

"Vexen's new stereotype- I mean personality is kind of interesting," Zexion observed.

Xaldin shrugged. "In my opinion, you've seen one Vexen you've seen them all."

"There's only one Vexen, right?" asked Xigbar.

The others sighed and put their head in their palms. "Oh, how little you know, number two."

This left Xigbar looking somewhat disconcerted and the others looking a wee bit smug.

"Anyways, Academy?" Xigbar said nervously.

Xaldin moaned. "I wasn't very fond of Academy days," he muttered.

Zexion looked at him incredulously. "Uh, Xaldin, if I remember, you were a muscular and athletic Calvinball player who also had a knack for science. Why weren't you fond of them?"

Xaldin opened his mouth to make a response, and failed to.

"Furthermore, if anyone here should complain about Academy days, it should be me!" shouted Zexion. "I was always picked on, and none of the children would let me join their games, like throw the rock, or throw the stick! Or even throw the rock and then throw the stick shortly after!"

A smile played across Xigbar's lips. "Picked on?"

"Like you wouldn't believe!" raged the young Nobody, "I was always stuffed in toilets, or punched by girls-"

"Zexion," interjected the Silent Hero. "What grade was the punching in?"

Zexion looked a tad fazed. "It was in 4th, why?"

"DUDE!" Xigbar guffawed, "That means the girl likes ya in 4th grade Punchy-Slang!"

"Y'see? This is the problems I had! Apparently I was super-cute or something and nobody even knew it!" Zexion complained. Xigbar punched him in the shoulder. IN A FRIENDLY WAY. XIGBAR AND ZEXION ARE BOTH STRAIGHT, YOU.

Lexaeus began pondering. "It really makes you think back to those days, doesn't it...?"

"Are we going to start having flashbacks to a high-school AU?" Xigbar moaned, "Cause I tell ya, I hate flashbacks. They make me nauseous."

"Let's have flashbacks, gentlemen," Xemnas said coolly. Xigbar groaned.

A LONG, LONG, TIME AGO...

Ienzo, Braig, Xehanort, Aleaus, Even and Dilan. You could not find a more tightly knit group of friends, despite the fact that they were the least alike people you could ever find. They were currently... or in the past version of current, sitting under their favorite tree, just outside of the Academy.

The author swore and was annoyed at his computer, because it randomly shut down, thus losing like half the stuff he'd already written.

Dang.

Anywho, the six-version-of-trio walked towards the school- the day had just started and they had to slog through six different classes.

"This narration sounds like a bad game show," interjected Xaldin, from the present.

"Wait, if we're cutting in with sarcastic narration, who's narrating the actual thing?" asked Zexion.

First up was P.E.. It was, according to Ienzo, "A cesspit of human hatred where dignity goes to die."

Dilan rolled his eyes. "You only say that because you always get clobbered by dodge-balls."

"These guys are like twice my size Dilan, what do you want me to do!" raged Ienzo. Aleaus cast Ienzo an amused glance.

"You could try not getting hit," said the brawny teen.

Ienzo cast a glare o' death at him. "My reflexes suck."

"Funny, cause I remember somebody clobbering me in Super Smash Brothers," mused Xehanort.

"STAAAAAAART" yelled Random Gym Teacher 3.

It was then that a barrage of dodge balls flew from various parts of the room and knocked Ienzo to the floor.

"Ienzo, you're out!" yelled Random Gym Teacher 3.

"Do you have any volume other than yelling, Gym Teacher?" mumbled Ienzo, walking to the bench.

Aleaus barely ducked under a dodge ball that flew for his head, and lobbed one across the gym at a group of people he didn't like.

Dilan grinned wildly. "You see Aleaus, it's for these reasons that we need games like this!" he exclaimed, dropping the ball he had to catch another.

"Oh, I quite agree, Dilan," Aleaus concurred, slamming a ball into a group of people.

"Without things like these," said Dilan, walking to the half-court line, "We would have nowhere to vent our frustration in school!" he tossed a ball at a kid, who took the brunt of it and fell on his back.

"Un-named kid, you're out!" yelled Random Gym Teacher 3.

Dilan glanced around. "Um, Aleaus? Are we the only two left on our team?"

"Looks like," affirmed the brawny youth.

A group of kids amassed on the other side.

"Well, I'd like you all to know that I WILL DEFEAT YOU ALL," Dilan threatened, pulling two balls from behind his back.

It was then that they barraged Aleaus, who couldn't dodge the ridiculous quantities of dodge balls being thrown at his face, stomach, nose, mouth, radius, elbow, solar plexus, foot, and eyes.

Dilan lobbed the two balls at the other side, drawing their fire and then hording the balls, until all of the balls were on his side. At that point, he proceeded to throw them systematically at each player and owned them all.

And thus ended first period.

Then they went to second period, math. Most everyone aside from Ienzo hated math, but they simply accepted that Ienzo was weird and moved on.

"I was not weird!" Zexion protested.

Xaldin sighed. "Zexion, you tried to date one of the most popular girls in school, you wore black eyeliner, played World of Warcraft all the time with Even, and it was rumored that you two were gay."

Vexen raised his eyes suddenly. "Just gay or gay for each other?" he asked, startled.

"That latter," Xemnas said, snickering.

Both the Nobodies moved away from each other and turned very red in the face.

Math was a drag today- but the conversations taking place were actually quite interesting.

"So, did you hear?" asked an un-named popular student to Dilan.

Dilan raised an eyebrow. "No, I did not hear. What's going on?"

"Like, Sasha-"

"Would you please stop using 'like' so much? It's an interjection and improper grammar!" Dilan fumed.

"Like, okay."

Dilan slapped his hand to his forehead in aggravation.

"Anyways, like, Sasha totally broke up with Chris, but Chris has been stalking her for three days now, and Sasha totally likes this other guy, yeah?"

"I'm still digesting the part where you said there was stalking involved," Dilan said.

"So she's dating him now and blah blah blah blah and now she's pregnant!"

Dilan exclaimed, "Oh, right! I did hear! Babies, eh?"

"I wonder how many people will get this reference?" asked the un-named popular student.

"The same amount of people who got the reference last chapter."

"And are these references just going to get more and more obscure?" asked the un-named popular student.

"Of course," responded Aleaus, who was listening to the entire conversation, silently chuckling over the joke.

Ienzo gawked at Aleaus. "You read those graphic novels?"

"Yes, they're the only ones I'll read."

The author apologizes for the shameless plug and will get back to comedy.

The next period which they all, again, conveniently had together was drama.

"Today we will be playing improv games because I need to grade papers for my actual classes!" decreed the teacher.

"YES!" shouted Xehanort. Dilan groaned. The only reason most of his group had taken this class was because Xehanort wanted it.

Then random and zany happening ensued for the rest of Drama class. Some of the group's favorite moments were when someone was sparkled to death, when someone pulled a Chinese fire drill during a game of taxi cab, and when someone stole another's sandwich and was then killed, for sanitation is serious business.

And then the author lost all motivation for this topic and decided to write a new fan fiction.

The author, now finished with his fan fiction, came back to typing this one.

They then had lunch- where the popular children were enacting a scheme.

"So, Ienzo, how are you?" asked Billy, a popular child.

Ienzo barely glanced up from his Magic The Gathering game with Even. "Fine, you?"

By the way, the author is superimposing himself on to Ienzo here. No joke.

"I was just wondering what that game is," said Rachel, another popular child.

"It's called Magic The Gathering. It's amusing. Why are you interested in me?"

Said Billy, "I was just interested in stepping out and making the first change towards a more united student body."

Even chortled. "That's utter bull. How many times did you practice that in front of the mirror?"

"Four, but it's true!" protested Billy.

Ienzo raised an eyebrow. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. I bet I could play in your place," he said to Ienzo.

Ienzo laughed out loud, and, wiping tears from his eyes, said, "Alright, this is my hand."

He handed Billy his cards and Billy swiftly made confetti of them. Billy and Rachel then laughed hysterically and went back to their own table.

Ienzo roared. "Those were MYTHIC RARES!" he shrieked furiously.

Even looked at what cards had been made into confetti. "Sweet Zeus, did they rip up your Jace the Mind Sculptor?"

"Those (word censored)s! I paid really good money for that!" he shrieked, decibels reaching an ear-piercing volume.

Aleaus, hearing Ienzo's racket, walked over. "Ienzo? What's wrong?"

"THOSE (word censored)S TORE UP MY CARDS!"

"Ienzo, they're cards."

"They're around a hundred dollars worth of cards!" wailed the young student.

Aleaus stared at the cards. "A hundred dollars in seven cards?" he gasped.

"Yeah, a Jace, a Black Lotus, and some other mythic rares. Why?"

"I'm shocked that it costs that much money to play a card game."

Ienzo stuck out his lower lip, pouting. "It's not like it consumes my life!"

"Yeah, World a' Warcraft does that for ya!" chimed in Braig.

"NOT HELPING BRAIG," fumed Ienzo.

"Anyways, I'm going to go over there, and... and..." Ienzo fumed.

Another popular kid walked over. "Are you and your girlfriend going to beat me up?"

Even looked up, red-faced. "I am not a girl!"

"You tell him, honey!" Ienzo said.

The author wanted to use that reference forever, no matter how little sense it made.

Even glared at the young'un. "NOT HELPING IENZO!"

The popular children laughed at the exchange with little to no regard for the participant's feelings. Aleaus pulled a silence materia from his pocket and used it.

"Ah, the miracle of Materia," remarked Aleaus dryly.

The group then had English.

Xehanort rubbed his temples in annoyance. "This is stupid. Why do we have to read Shakespeare?"

"Methinks the lady-dude doth protest too much," remarked Dilan.

"What?" Xehanort asked.

Said Even, "Thine postulations sound like the musings of a stupid oaf."

Decreed Aleaus, "I concur, the oaf only lives to hear his own words! And his own words shouldn't be heard!"

"Ah..." Braig commented, "Are we all sane here?"

"I see but two who aren't," remarked Ienzo, joining his two friends.

"In this class, we learn of the true nature of this language, why it is, how it came to be how one is to properly utilize it!" ranted Even maniacally.

Xehanort remarked to Braig, "Even always talks like that, what about the other two?"

"I didn't always talk like that!" protested Vexen.

Zexion smirked. "You tell 'em, honey!"

"Uh, Xemnas, dude?" whispered Xigbar in an aside, "Was I only number two because the other guys were pricks?"

"Keep the secret with you to your dying breath," replied Xemnas quietly.

Then the other two classes, Science and Numerology, were both rather bland. Thus it became time for the duo of Aleaus and Dilan to figure out their Calvinball strategy- they were an unstoppable whirlwind of intense rule creation and victory.

"So, should we utilize plan A?"

"The one where everybody without an A in their names is forced to spin uncontrollably for a minute?" Dilan asked.

Aleaus nodded. "If we combine that one with the ball handler and the point tripler, we'll win for sure."

Dilan nodded, and the two took their positions. There were around 8 other players on the field on their team as well, but Dilan and Aleaus were the best Calvinball players the school had ever seen. Thus 'The Non-Pretentious Academy Swimming Beagles' Calvinball team was on the field.

Aleaus took the ball, and said, "Rule- if you touch the ball with anything aside from your hands, you will spend five minutes in the time out zone. The time out zone is covered in the official Calvinball rulebook as a stereotypical rule on page fifty... three, I believe."

The opposing team, 'The Sanctuary of Ridiculousness High Green Bears' was entirely confused and pulled their rulebooks from their pockets.

In the meantime, while the ball was in midair, Dilan fielded it and said, "New rule! Whenever a catch is completed successfully, the players get a point for their team!"

"1-0, Swimming Beagles!" shouted the referee.

Dilan tossed the ball back to Aleaus, but it was intercepted by a member of the Green Bears, who shouted, "It's a warp zone in this square! All people in it must spin ten times!"

The duo, unfortunately both in the warp zone, had to spin ten times each.

During this time, the opposing team had passed the ball around 10 times, making the score 10-1, Green Bears.

Aleaus tackled the person fielding the ball to the ground (This is Calvinball!) and took the ball for himself, tossing it to Dilan. Dilan shouted, "Everyone look at your hands!"

The Green Bears all looked at their hands while Dilan received the ball. Dilan shouted once more, "Goals are worth 50 points!"

"Points are DKP!" shouted a random member of the Swimming Beagles.

"Failing a pass is minus 50 DKP for not being where the (censored) you're supposed to be!" shouted a member of the Green Bears.

The author totally thought up that reference on the spot.

Dilan chucked the ball at the opposing teams goal, and it soared in, putting it at 52-10, Swimming Beagles.

The Green Bears took the ball and began playing the Al-Bhed passing game, which worked until Dilan tackled the receiver (This is Calvinball!) and Aleaus stole the ball. Aleaus tossed the ball to Dilan, who tossed the ball at the backs of the Green Bears, forcing them into the time out zone.

This scheme worked for the longest time. It worked for a whole ten minutes until a player said, "No being in time-out for more than one time!"

Aleaus spat on the ground, upon realizing that Dilan and him couldn't continue this plan. "Everybody look at your hands for a minute!" he called, the initiator for him and Dilan's Magnificent Mark III Jecht Shot plan.

Whilst Dilan stared at his hands, he called, "Whenever the ball hits an opponent, it means 5 points!"

"Annul handball rules!" shouted Aleaus back. Everything was in place.

Dilan tossed the ball into the air and kicked it at a Green Bear, knocking him flat on his face. (Solid 209-10 Swimming Beagles) The ball ricocheted to Aleaus, who slammed it back at a different Green Bear. (214-10, Swimming Beagles) The ball finally flew in front of Dilan again, who punted it with the force of a cannon blast at the opposing goal. (264-10, Swimming Beagles)

"Mercy ruling rule in the official rulebook declares the Swimming Beagles the winners," Dilan said with a smirk, after five solid minutes of Dilan and Aleaus playing keep-away.

The Green Bears grudgingly accepted their defeat and the two clapped each other on the back and went to the showers.

"Hey, Dilan?" asked the brawny youth.

"Yes, my friend?"

"Not that I'm complaining, but... how did Calvinball become a popular sport?"

"I believe it's because it was plugged in a rather popular comic strip, title Calvin and Hobbes," explained Dilan.

"Yes, but it still seems unlikely."

"In addition, the world we live on is guided by a cosmic force, one I like to call the author," Dilan said.

"Man, Xaldin, you were always full of crap weren't ya?" Xigbar said.

Xaldin sighed. "Gentlemen. Think of the occurrences of the last month. There was the attempt by the MCP to take over," he recalled.

Zexion dismissed that one. "Honestly, I should have seen that one coming."

"Dracula kidnapping almost all of us..."

"That one may have been my fault for pissing off Annette," Xemnas admitted.

"The Death Star, and all its related shenanigans..."

Xigbar looked up. "We have a Death Star?"

"That Red Pin thing a couple of chapters ago..."

Vexen looked up from his notes. "You know, we may have been immune from those pins with the lack of hearts and everything..."

"And Sephiroth wrecked my ice-cream shop a chapter back!" finished Xaldin.

Lexaeus commented dryly, "I'm still having trouble believing you had an ice-cream shop."

"You remember my thesis in college, right?" Xaldin asked.

"Ah, Dilan, there's like no chance of me believing that," Aleaus said.

Dilan nodded. "You're an atheist, aren't you?"

"Die-hard atheist here, yes."

The author has nothing against atheists, he is one himself.\

BACK TO THE FUTURE...

"Man, that kinda stuff really makes ya think..." Xigbar said.

Zexion finished, "High school sucks! You heard how those popular children annihilated my most valuable cards? THOSE WERE VALUABLE!"

"I think Xion was a popular girl in school," whispered Xigbar to Xemnas. Xemnas snorted.

"Yes, High School was not my favoritest of school-like places," Xemnas agreed. "The arts were under-funded," he explained.

"I didn't like high school because it didn't exactly support peace and well-being among our peers," Xaldin said. The rest of the Organization chuckled.

"No, at the time, that was almost the truth," protested Xaldin.

Lexaeus snickered. "I always knew you were full of crap. Anyhow, I didn't like high school because everyone is (censored)s in high school."

"Amen, my Scott Pilgrim-reading brother, amen," Zexion concurred.

Vexen agreed, "Yeah, and the academic portion of high school seemed to be there only to give an excuse for the drama and sporting aspects, not my cup of tea."

"See! You do always talk like that!" protested Xemnas.

"I DO NOT ALWAYS TALK LIKE THIS!" protested the Chilly Academic, "AND I WILL MURDER ANYONE WHO SAYS I DO!"

"Easy on the caps lock there, Vexy," Xigbar said.

"Why didn't you like high school?"

"One word- Apathy," explained Xigbar.

The Classic Six let out an 'aaaaaaah,' in unison, and then all went about their business.

Or they would have, if A. Melvin didn't bust through their wall with a tank.

"Merciful Zeus!" Xemnas spat, on hearing the tank bust through the walls.

"NOW! MY MINIONS! RAZE THIS CASTLE!" A. Melvin screeched.

Xigbar created his guns and attacked the tank directly, though getting a face-full of bullet.

"Dude! Uncouth!" Xigbar coughed.

Chapter End

(For Real This Time)

Because I am A. Lazy and B. A jerk who likes keeping you at cliffhangers!

This Chapter May Not Have a Title

Grey now be on the return flight, meaning eight long hours of me time. Thus, I'm going to try to write a whole chapter. Therefore, we present... (we being me and my other imaginary multiple personalities)

EDIT:: Hi-hi-hi-hi-hiatus! Unfortunately, you can probably expect this to be happening quite a bit, as this fanfic is gonna become a dumping ground for all my other ideas I don't think I can write something about seriously.

ALSO THIS CHAPTER IS DARK.

SO VERY VERY DARK.

IF YOU DON'T LIKE DARKNESS, GO LOOK AT MY OTHER COOL FIC.

Chapter 9

This Chapter May Not Have a Title

A. Melvin cackled maniacally as his evil, satanic forces of darkness (escaped convicts, most of them only jaywalkers) invaded TCTNW. Xemnas, and most of the other members of the original six, spat a curse. Vexen merely raised his head and took a few notes.

"I see, this tank appears to be made of solid unobtanium, with Mark-42 shotguns to destroy infantry, and a dual barrel hydraulic cannon of exploding might," Vexen noted.

Xigbar was on the floor. "I think I just tasted the explosions. It made colors in my mouth."

"Perhaps it also makes people high on explosion?" Vexen postulated.

A. Melvin nodded. "Very astute, my scientific enemy. Were we not mortal enemies, I'd offer to let you on my team."

"Yeah, one failure. This fanfic is rated K+. We don't do that," commented Xaldin. The dual barrel hydraulic cannon of exploding might (and apparently high-ness)mthen disappeared.

"Well crap," muttered A. Melvin, looking at the space where his cannon should have been.

Xemnas laughed hysterically, and then he got shot in the face with one of the shotguns. "I forgot about those," muttered the Organization's leader.

"Thought as much!" shouted A. Melvin, two different tanks rolling into the room which the original six were once lounging in.

"That one appears to be a flame thrower, and that one... a..." Vexen said.

A. Melvin chuckled. "An Obliteration Cannon."

"Oh God," Lexaeus breathed.

"How bad can that be?" Xemnas wondered. He was then shot in the face with the Obliteration Cannon and promptly faded from existence in a burst of static.

"Did... Xemnas just... die?" Zexion breathed.

A. Melvin cackled. "Yes."

"I'm leader!" Xaldin cried, tossing a spear towards the Obliteration Cannon, successfully jamming it until its next shot- which was unfortunately very soon.

A. Melvin stared down the Organization. "This time won't be like last time," he whispered, staring at a picture in his wallet. "I'm going to have my revenge for you... Ranele."

"Pardon- question, but what was 'last time?'" asked Zexion.

A. Melvin snapped his wallet shut. "That's not your business!" he yelled, ordering the Obliteration Cannon to fire once more.

"Wait!" Vexen cried, remembering something. "I knew the author would use this plot sooner or later... I just expected the other first..."

"Vexen, were we not in danger, I'd say you were as full of it as Xaldin," Xigbar commented, ducking under a flamethrower burst.

"Yes, but there are other matters to accomplish first," cried Lexaeus, charging towards the first tank which A. Melvin was in. Unfortunately, the brawny Nobody was blasted with the Obliteration Cannon.

"I'm getting closer with every shot..." breathed A. Melvin.

Xigbar warped behind the tank, in a desperate attempt to avoid the tank. "I can't believe I'm getting beaten down by a man in a Decemberists T-Shirt!"

"Hey, screw you! The Decemberists were her favorite band!" cried A. Melvin.

Xaldin created a wall of air to ward off the flames in front of him, leaping to avoid another blast of the O.C.

"I may be defeated today, but let it be known that the Organization never goes out without a fight!" cried Xaldin, landing close to the alarm system Xemnas had installed in chapter something or other- though not told. He pushed the button, sounding the alert.

"THERE ARE INTRUDERS IN OUR CASTLE!" droned the loudspeaker, monotonously and loudly.

Now, instead of 4 members, there were 11 to cope with, thought A. Melvin bitterly. (Larxene wasn't there because she's vaguely pivotal to the plot later. (Did you guess the extremely obvious thing?))

Roxas rubbed sleep from his eyes. "Dude, two in the morning is not pleasing to deal with," he muttered, getting on the lift and donning a robe. Xion greeted him pleasantly- Xion was very clearly a morning person.

"Good morning, Roxas!" said the other Keyblade user, chipper.

"G'mornin..." mumbled Roxas.

The drowsy youth and the not-drowsy youth were accompanied by Marluxia who was humming to himself and seemed to brighten his own day. Roxas, however, could not be brightened- he had been woken up at two, and it wasn't because he was going to see a really awesome movie.

"Roooooooooxas!" Marluxia cried, upon seeing his... friend, I guess?

Roxas acknowledged the hyper-active Nobody with a mere nod, and a mumbled "g'mornin..."

"Good morning, Marluxia!" replied Xion, hugging her... friend, I guess. (Have they exchanged a line of dialogue?)

"Tell me, is my hair alright?" Marluxia asked, pulling a mirror from his robe and tousling his own hair a little.

Roxas raised an eyebrow sleepily. "You're kidding," he muttered.

"Your hair looks good, by the way," Marluxia assured the young Nobody. The lift stopped for Luxord to get on.

"Perhaps this lift should move faster if we really are in an emergency?" commented the Gambler of Fate.

"No. It is staying at this speed, because hopefully I'll be vaguely awake when we're at the bottom," growled Roxas.

Luxord backed away from Roxas. "Not a morning person?"

"How'd you guess?" Roxas sarcastically confirmed.

The lift stopped to let on Demyx, who was about as sleepy as Roxas.

"Morning, guys..." Demyx muttered, getting on the lift and curling on the floor, falling asleep.

Roxas stared at the sitar player. "I'd make fun of him, but that looks so appealing."

It was then that a blood-curling scream rent the lift room. The Organization members were now more than awake.

"Sweet merciful Zeus!" spat Saïx, getting on the lift in a start.

"That sounded like somebody in their dying throes," commented Marluxia idly.

Roxas looked horrified. "That's actually really accurate," he breathed.

"Let's hurry," said Axel, who was apparently on the lift. Running to the source of the alarm, they saw Xaldin, Xigbar and Vexen, each barely holding their own against a tank and around 400 soldiers each.

"No..." Xion gasped.

"You bastard!" (Dramaticurse!) Axel growled. "What did you do to the other Organization members?"

"I have obliterated them from this world," A. Melvin said triumphantly.

The group let out a simultaneous gasp.

"Dude, that is so double-plus-ungood," Xigbar yelled, pulling a random grunt in front of him to block the Obliteration Cannon.

"No," Xion cried.

Roxas put a hand on Xion's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Xion," said the blonde.

"No!" screamed Xion, brandishing her Keyblade.

Vexen looked up from the relentless assault to get annoyed. "Hey! Xion! You have no heart!" he reminded her.

"I know. But Zexion meant something to me," she said, placing a hand on her heart.

A. Melvin laughed mirthlessly. "Then maybe you'll know what I felt," he said, blowing away both Xigbar and Axel with the mounted shotguns.

"What you felt?" Axel asked, tearing slowly but surely through the metal on the flame-throwing tank with his chakrams.

"Yes!" answered A. Melvin, training the Obliteration Cannon on the Flurry of Dancing Flames.

Axel barely had time to widen his eyes before he saw the barrel of the cannon pointed at his head. "Fu-" he began, only to be annihilated by the Infinity Plus One Cannon.

Roxas reached out to pull Axel out of the cannon blast, but by the time he reached Axel's hand, it was too late.

"You..." Roxas spat.

A. Melvin growled, "I'm only returning the favor, you heartless fiends."

"The heartless are the shadowy blobby things!" protested Vexen, deflecting an Obliteration Cannon charge at a different mook.

Marluxia slipped into character and immediately brandished Death's Scythe and sliced clean through the first tank, making it explode into beautiful colored explosions.

"It took you four members to destroy one tank," A. Melvin commented.

"At that rate, there'll be but one of us left," Xaldin breathed.

Roxas tossed his key blade towards the barrel of the Obliteration Cannon. The Obliteration Cannon unfortunately fired at that exact moment, and Roxas' key blade disintegrated into nothing.

"Zeus..." Roxas said.

"Is there a limit to the things that cannon can do?" Vexen pondered.

A. Melvin grinned wildly. "It won't make me coffee."

"That hardly seems like a flaw," Vexen commented, dropping his guard for but a moment.

By the time that moment was over, only a shield was left.

"And I thought chapter five was dark..." Roxas muttered grimly. He ran straight towards the flame-throwing tank with no care for his own safety whatsoever.

"Roxas!" Xaldin yelled, punting Vexen's shield at Roxas.

Roxas received the shield perfectly and then punched through the barrel of the flamethrower tank, the metal tearing apart like wet tissue at the shield's might.

"Did the prose actually just read, 'Shield's might?' And it used an metaphor?" Xaldin gasped.

"You have more important things to worry about than the author's improvement!" shouted Demyx, strumming to defeat a few of the minions.

Xaldin nodded and spun his now only four lances to create a whirlwind destroying a number of the mooks. After the powerful whirlwind, there was but one tank left.

The dredges of the Organization gathered together in front of their now horribly burned and splintered coffee table. "Well, I thought it was fun while it lasted," offered Demyx.

"I'll see you in wherever we go when we die," offered Xaldin.

Roxas, Marluxia, Saix, Demyx, Xion, Xigbar and Xaldin stole a brief glance at each other, each seeing the fierce determination that lay in their own eyes. They nodded in unison and began an attack.

Oh, by the way- somewhere along the line, Luxord asploded too.

"I'm close, Ranele," said A. Melvin to himself.

"Close to what?" inquired Xaldin.

Roxas did a quick anagram. "Bigger problem. I know who this guy is," he said. "Someone get Larxene," he yelled.

"Shouldn't she be here in the first place!" spat Saix.

When Demyx ran to do so, he was blown away by the cannon.

"I knew it was... only a matter of time," he breathed, a last smile crossing his dying face.

"He was a good guitar player, you jerk!" yelled Roxas with an angry swear.

"Know what I felt," A. Melvin retorted.

Xaldin began whittling at the thick metal shell on the tank, his four lances working rapidly. The Obliteration Cannon charged another time, and this time Xion threw herself in front of the blast.

"Xion?" Xaldin gasped, clearly shocked by her sacrifice.

"But Xaldin... I thought you couldn't..." she gasped, coughing blood, "afford to lose..." Xion the slumped to the ground, disintegrating into nothing.

"Xion!" cried Roxas. "You... I've lost everything to you!" Roxas screamed, flinging the shield at A. Melvin's head. A. Melvin caught the shield and threw it aside.

"Know what I felt," he repeated.

Roxas spat, "You lost one person to Xigbar's mad-gun-manship. And I'll say it would have been a damn sight better if he'd have took you too," growled the now thoroughly irritated Nobody.

"Wait, I was sent on a mission because a really really strong individual was in existence," Xigbar said. "And I might remember this dude being with her," he recalled.

"Xigbar, you don't need to say what the audience has already figured out," Roxas muttered.

"Enough talking, more firing!" yelled A. Melvin, firing the cannon at a prone Saïx. Saïx too, disintegrated to nothingness. This only left two members- number three and number thirteen. Also Xigbar.

"Not anymore," A. Melvin commented, looking at the fading corpse of the once-proud gunman.

Xaldin began a furious assault on the cannon, managing to chip away a bit of the barrel- but the cannon fired once more and Xaldin threw up all his spears in a block. Xaldin swore as all of his spears disintegrated into nothing.

"Roxas," Xaldin said.

"Xaldin," Roxas answered, both weaponless.

"We need weapons," Xaldin remarked, the barrel of the cannon looking straight at them.

"No, we don't!" Roxas cried, creating a burst of holy energy inside the barrel of the cannon, thoroughly exploding the entire cannon.

Xaldin stared at his younger compatriot. "Why the HELL didn't we do that earlier?"

"I think that was my overdrive," Roxas answered.

The song on the author's iPod is 'Your Song,' from Moulin Rouge. Thought you'd find that amusing, because most of this chapter's been dreary.

Xaldin nodded. "And now we have the man himself."

"I'm not unarmed," A. Melvin assured the two.

"Where? I don't see your weapon," Xaldin muttered.

A. Melvin flashed his Dëth-Watch 3.6K.

Xaldin swore.

"What's so bad about it? It's just a watch," Roxas said.

"Roxas. Let me tell you a story."

FLASHBACK!

Once upon a time, there was an agent, Lames Fonda, 002. He was a pretty cool guy, thwarted villains and didn't afraid of anything. Until the fateful day when he was sent against Dr. Maybe.

"Dr. Maybe! Your plot to de-motivate the entire world by removing all the puppies is going to fail, thanks to me!" cried Lames Fonda.

Dr. Maybe smiled a wicked smile. "Maybe!" he cackled, holding up his Dëth-Watch 3.4K. "Or maybe not!"

Lames gasped in horror as he was mutilated by robot bats.

And that is why Twilight Town has no animals in it!

END FLASHBACK!

"That exact story was used five chapters ago," yawned A. Melvin.

"Speaking of five chapters ago, that was broken like five chapters ago," Roxas cried in defiance.

"Dude, I'm an evil genius. Who do you think made these in the first place?" A. Melvin said, rolling his eyes.

"I honestly never thought of that."

A. Melvin pushed a few buttons on the watch. "Give it a little more thought next time," he commented, a pair of laser swords springing from the watch, ones he caught expertly.

"Relax, Roxas. There are two of us, one of him, and you can rez people," Xaldin said, scanning the room for a weapon.

"Yeah, I know a rez... But I can't exactly fight myself. I think this was intended to be a 25-man boss, and we're two people."

Xaldin chuckled. "Honestly Roxas... You know who I am, right?" he asked, dropping a large white stone from the ceiling and slamming it straight towards A. Melvin.

A. Melvin sliced through the stone with his sabers. "You'll pay!"

"Speaking of which, Xaldin, Larxene, why isn't she here?"

Fortunately for our heroes, the magic name summon-y powers kicked in at that point immediately. Unfortunately for our heroes, she was a very heavy sleeper and had slept through the alarm.

Xaldin stole a glance at Larxene's sleeping form. "You're kidding me," he muttered, blasting A. Melvin's sabers away with the Force.

Also, I'm reposting Xaldin's list of powers in case you're an idiot who missed the best chapter in this fanfic yet.

Xaldin-

1. Earthbending, the ability to move rocks in basically any way you want. Lexaeus was a little annoyed of Xaldin learning this ability.
2. The Force. If you don't know what this is, you can direct yourself to the Pit of Eternal Suffering, which is conveniently located right over there.
3. Kamehameha, a concentrated burst of energy. Used in place of the Force only because it's a lot more powerful, and can cause a nasty burn.
4. Final Smash, an incredibly powerful attack, but it needs a MacGuffin to be used properly.
5. Cat Form, which is exactly what it sounds like on the tin.
6. Tree Form, which turns you into a tree and gives you awesome healing powers. How this makes sense? A wizard did it. Or a Druid, I guess.
7. Also assume he has whatever moves he would ordinarily have in whatever incarnation.

Larxene then woke up from whatever dream she was having, due to the Force accidentally hitting her as well. "Ow! Xaldin, flying fifty feet into the air is not the most pleasant awakening!" she screeched.

"Larxene, I could care less about you at this point!" Xaldin shouted, creating a whirlwind to put her on her feet.

Larxene landed gracefully and stared at the ruined room, and the people in it.

"Who the hell are you guys fighting?" asked the Nobody- who was apparently once named Ranele.

"Hey! A. Melvin!" Roxas shouted, casting a healing spell on Xaldin in approximately 0.9 seconds.

A. Melvin glanced briefly at Roxas before continuing his lasery, mechanical bat filled assault.
"Yes, scum?"

"This is the nobody of the lady Xigbar killed," Xaldin explained.

Larxene stared at A. Melvin. "I know this guy?" she asked again.

Something must have clicked in A. Melvin's head, because tears welled up in his eyes.

"I thought she was just dead..." he sobbed. Roxas glared at Xaldin, a silent command to deliver the finishing blow.

"But she's not Ranele anymore, and I will destroy this creation in her name!" he shouted, once more brandishing a ridiculously intricate gun and a light saber- but too late, as Xaldin had already head butted him so hard he exploded.

Unfortunately for the remaining members of the Organization, in his death throes, his final act was to push the button on his watch that sent for a nuke.

Xaldin swore, rushing over to the watch. "Crapcrapcrapcrapcrapcrap..." he mumbled, trying to find a button to call off the nuke.

"Xaldin..." Roxas muttered, looking at the impending death.

"CrapcrapcrapcrapCRAP!" shouted Xaldin, chucking the watch at the ground in rage.

"Xaldin...!" Roxas shouted, fear in his eyes.

"CRAP!" Xaldin shouted, bracing for impact. (This, by the way, was not the same as in Chapter 7- Tree Form would do nothing versus a nuke.)

"Xaldin!" Roxas cried, making his final decision. Xaldin was shrouded in a shiny sphere of protective light, gold-hued warmth permeating him.

Xaldin remained miraculously unscathed by the nuke, as the other two members of what remained of the Organization were blown in to oblivion. Xaldin still got the full knock back effect of the nuke though.

Xaldin crashed through the ceiling of the finest bowling alley in all of Dark City.

"Man, that's gonna cost money!" muttered the Dragoon Manager.

Xaldin lifted his head, slowly getting up off of the floor. "Where am I?"

One of the dusks pantomimed bowling.

"Ah," Xaldin murmured, realizing this was a really stupid question- he could see the bowling alley lanes.

Another dusk somehow managed to pantomime the message, "What happened?"

"The Organization almost fell," Xaldin said, moving towards TCTNW.

Xaldin stared at the rubble that once was the castle. The Phoenix Downs had surely been destroyed. Xaldin was at a low power- the shield had drained his power, and no shop worth their salt would ever sell the Organization a Phoenix Down.

Xaldin looked at the ground. Only one, not exactly K+ word was appropriate at this moment.

"F-"

Chapter End

Dear God, I am on a darkness kick at the minute. That was an unfunny chapter (intentionally, I guess) but maybe it was a wee bit epic. And before you go ranting about how the Organization never could be defeated by one man... Sora.

Also, the Obliteration Cannon was a machine gun that fired bursts that destroyed people entirely. Also nukes.

I own nothing, Grey be out, flipside or whatever.

Teaser the First

TEASER

Because It's a Teaser, It Has No Title

The barkeep, polishing a glass with a filthy white rag, peered down at the black-hooded figure who had just ordered his fourteenth drink.

"Isn't there something you should do?"

The figure shook with silent, mirthless laughter.

"What can I do?"

The bartender frowned and poured another drink.

"Cosmopolitan. On the rocks," said the customer.

"That's your thirteenth," said the barkeep, not even bothering to raise an eyebrow at the man's selection of drink.

The figure peered up, dark bags under his golden eyes. His braids were frayed, he had a five o' clock shadow, and he generally looked like his life had gone to hell and had a wild party there.

"I'm Xaldin, of what was once the Organization, and my constitution is remarkedly better than yours. Now give me my damn booze."

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